

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1886.

No. 9.

[Copyright, 1886, by THE CENTURY CO.]

LA FAYETTE.

BY MRS. EUGENIA M. HODGE.

ONE hundred and nine years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guardsman ran away to sea.

And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in,—for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as major-general in the armies of a land three thousand miles away—a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador to France, openly avowed his sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them gain their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request, the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeaux. But ship and owner both slipped away, and sailing from the port of Pasajes in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee river in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves

Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.

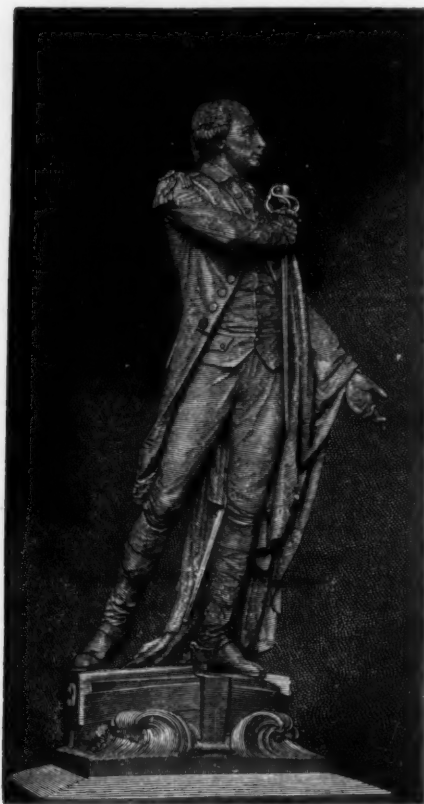
When he first arrived in the land for which he desired to fight, however, he found but a cool reception. The Congress of the United States was poor, and so many good and brave American officers who had proved their worth were desirous of commissions as major-generals, that the commission promised to this young Frenchman could not easily be put in force so far as an actual command and a salary were concerned.

But the young general had come across the sea for a purpose, and money and position were not parts of that purpose. He expressed his desire to serve in the American army upon two very singular conditions, namely: that he should receive no pay, and that he should act as a volunteer. The Congress was so impressed with the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the young Frenchman that, on July 31, 1777, it passed a resolution directing that "his services be accepted and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of a Major-General of the United States."

General Washington was greatly attracted by the energy and earnestness of the young nobleman. He took him into what was called his "military family," assigned him to special and honorable duty; and when the young volunteer was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, the Commander-in-Chief praised his "bravery and military ardor" so highly that the Congress gave

La Fayette the command of a division. Thus, before he was twenty, he was actually a general, and already, as one historian says, he had "justified the boyish rashness which his friends deplored and his sovereign resented, and had acquired a place in history."

Notwithstanding General Washington's assertion to Congress that La Fayette had made "great proficiency in our language," the young marquis's pronunciation of English was far from perfect. French, Spanish, and Italian were all familiar to



STATUE OF LA FAYETTE BY A. BARTHOLDE,—
UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK CITY.

him, but his English was not readily understood by the men he was called upon to command. It was therefore necessary to find as his aid-de-camp one who could quickly interpret the orders of his commanding officer.

Such an aid was at last found in the person of a certain young Connecticut adjutant on the regimental staff of dashing Brigadier-General Wayne,—
"Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point.

This young adjutant was of almost the same age as Lafayette; he had received, what was rare enough in those old days, an excellent college education, and he was said to be the only man in the American army who could speak French and English equally well.

These young men, General La Fayette and his aid, grew very fond of each other during an intimate acquaintance of nearly seven years. The French marquis, with that overflow of spirits and outward demonstration so noticeable in most Frenchmen, freely showed his affection for the more reserved American—often throwing his arms around his neck, kissing him upon the cheek and calling him "My brave, my good, my virtuous, my adopted brother!"

After the battle of Monmouth, which occurred on June 28, 1778, and in which La Fayette's command was engaged against the British forces, who were routed, the marquis was enthusiastic in praise of the gallant conduct of his friend and aid. Not content with this, he sent to him some years after, when the aid-de-camp, then a colonel in rank, was elected to political honors, the following acrostic, as a souvenir, expressive of the esteem and remembrance of his former commander. The initial letters of each line of the poem will spell out for you the name of this soldier friend of La Fayette. And here is an exact copy of the acrostic and of the postscript that accompanied it:

Sage of the East! where wisdom rears her head,
Augustus, taught in virtue's path to tread,
'Mid thousands of his race, elected stands
Unanimous to legislative bands;
Endowed with every art to frame just laws,
Learns to hate vice, to virtue gives applause.

Augustus, oh, thy name that's ever dear
Unrivalled stands to crown each passing year!
Great are the virtues that exalt thy mind.
Unenvied merit marks thy worth refined.
Sincerely rigid for your country's right,
To save her Liberty you deigned to fight;
Undaunted courage graced your manly brow,
Secured such honors as the gods endow.—

Bright is the page; the record of thy days
Attracts my muse thus to rehearse thy praise.
Rejoice then, patriots, statesmen, all rejoice!
Kindle his praises with one general voice!
Emblazon out his deeds, his virtues prize,
Reiterate his praises to the skies!

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

P. S.—The Colonel will readily apologize for the inaccuracies of an unskillful muse, and be convinced the high estimation of his amiable character could alone actuate the author of the foregoing.

M. D. LA FAYETTE.

So the name of the young general's friend and aid-de-camp was Samuel Augustus Barker.

Years passed. The Revolution was over. America was free. The French Revolution, with all its horrors and successes, had made France a republic. Napoleon had risen, conquered, ruled,

fallen, and died, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century was nearly completed, when, in August, 1824, an old French gentleman who had been an active participant in several of these historic scenes arrived in New York. It was General the Marquis de La Fayette, now a veteran of nearly seventy, returning to America as the honored guest of the growing and prosperous republic he had helped to found.

His journey through the land was like a triumph. Flowers and decorations brightened his path, cheering people and booming cannon welcomed his approach. And in one of those welcomings, in a little village in Central New York, a cannon, which was heavily loaded for a salute in honor of the nation's guest, exploded, and killed a plucky young fellow who had volunteered to "touch off" the overcharged gun when no one else dared. Some months after, the old marquis chanced to hear of the tragedy, and at once his sympathies were aroused for the widowed mother of the young man.

He at once wrote to the son of the man who had been his comrade in arms in the revolutionary days half a century before, asking full information concerning the fatal accident, and the needs of the mother of the poor young man who was killed; and having thus learned all the facts, sent the sum of one thousand dollars to relieve the mother's necessities and to pay off the mortgage on her little home.

I have before me, as I write, the original letter written by the General to the son of his old friend, the paper marked and yellow with the creases of sixty years; and as I read it again, I feel that of all the incidents of the singularly eventful life of La Fayette there are none that show his noble nature more fully than those I have noted here: his enthusiastic services in behalf of an oppressed

people, his close and devoted affection for his friend and comrade, and the impulsive generosity of a heart that was at once manly, tender, and true.

And as I write, I am grateful that I can claim a certain association with that honored name of La Fayette; for the young adjutant to whom the acrostic was addressed and the friend through whom the gift to the widow was communicated were respectively my grandfather and my father.

It is at least pleasant to know that one's ancestors were the intimate friends of so noble a man, of whom one biographer has recently said: "He was brave even to rashness, his life was one of constant peril, and yet he never shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering, to protect the defenseless, to sustain law and preserve order."

At the southern extremity of Union Square, in the city of New York, there is a bronze statue of La Fayette. As you have already been told in ST. NICHOLAS, it represents him in graceful pose and with earnest face and gesture, "making offer of his sword to the country he admired—the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast, as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword." Lafayette's words, "As soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted," are inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue; and a short distance from it, in the plaza adjoining the square, is an equestrian statue of Washington. It is fitting that the bronze images of those two great men should thus be placed together, as the names of Washington and La Fayette are forever coupled in the history and in the affections of the American people.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE meadow is a battle-field
Where Summer's army comes:
Each soldier with a clover shield,
The honey-bees with drums.
Boom, rat-tá!—they march and pass
The captain tree who stands
Saluting with a sword of grass
And giving the commands.

'T is only when the breezes blow
Across the woody hills,
They shoulder arms and, to and fro,
March in their full-dress drills.

Boom, rat-tá!—they wheel in line
And wave their gleaming spears.
"March!" cries the captain, giving sign,
And every soldier cheers.

But when the day is growing dim
They gather in their camps,
And sing a good thanksgiving hymn
Around their fire-fly lamps.

Ra-ta-tá!—the bugle-notes
Call "good-night!" to the sky.—
I hope they all have overcoats
To keep them warm and dry!

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER X.

THE truth was that Mrs. Errol had found a great many sad things in the course of her work among the poor of the little village that appeared so picturesque when it was seen from the moor-sides. Everything was not as picturesque, when seen near by, as it looked from a distance. She had found idleness and poverty and ignorance where there should have been comfort and industry. And she had discovered, after a while, that Erleboro was considered to be the worst village in that part of the country. Mr. Mordaunt had told her a great many of his difficulties and discouragements, and she had found out a great deal by herself. The agents who had managed the property had always been chosen to please the Earl, and had cared nothing for the degradation and wretchedness of the poor tenants. Many things, therefore, had been neglected which should have been attended to, and matters had gone from bad to worse.

As to Earl's Court, it was a disgrace, with its dilapidated houses and miserable, careless, sickly people. When first Mrs. Errol went to the place, it made her shudder. Such ugliness and slovenliness and want seemed worse in a country place than in a city. It seemed as if there it might be helped. And as she looked at the squalid, uncared-for children growing up in the midst of vice and brutal indifference, she thought of her own little boy spending his days in the great, splendid castle, guarded and served like a young prince, having no wish ungratified, and knowing nothing but luxury and ease and beauty. And a bold thought came into her wise little mother-heart. Gradually she had begun to see, as had others, that it had been her boy's good fortune to please the Earl very much, and that he would scarcely be likely to be denied anything for which he expressed a desire.

"The Earl would give him anything," she said to Mr. Mordaunt. "He would indulge his every whim. Why should not that indulgence be used for the good of others? It is for me to see that this shall come to pass."

She knew she could trust the kind, childish heart; so she told the little fellow the story of Earl's Court, feeling sure that he would speak of it

to his grandfather, and hoping that some good results would follow.

And strange as it appeared to every one, good results did follow. The fact was that the strongest power to influence the Earl was his grandson's perfect confidence in him—the fact that Cedric always believed that his grandfather was going to do what was right and generous. He could not quite make up his mind to let him discover that he had no inclination to be generous at all, and that he wanted his own way on all occasions, whether it was right or wrong. It was such a novelty to be regarded with admiration as a benefactor of the entire human race, and the soul of nobility, that he did not enjoy the idea of looking into the affectionate brown eyes, and saying: "I am a violent, selfish old rascal; I never did a generous thing in my life, and I don't care about Earl's Court or the poor people"—or something which would amount to the same thing. He actually had learned to be fond enough of that small boy with the mop of yellow love-locks, to feel that he himself would prefer to be guilty of an amiable action now and then. And so—though he laughed at himself—after some reflection, he sent for Newick, and had quite a long interview with him on the subject of the Court, and it was decided that the wretched hovels should be pulled down and new houses should be built.

"It is Lord Fauntleroy who insists on it," he said dryly; "he thinks it will improve the property. You can tell the tenants that it's his idea." And he looked down at his small lordship, who was lying on the hearth-rug playing with Dougal. The great dog was the lad's constant companion, and followed him about everywhere, stalking solemnly after him when he walked, and trotting majestically behind when he rode or drove.

Of course, both the country people and the town people heard of the proposed improvement. At first, many of them would not believe it; but when a small army of workmen arrived and commenced pulling down the crazy, squalid cottages, people began to understand that little Lord Fauntleroy had done them a good turn again, and that through his innocent interference the scandal of Earl's Court had at last been removed. If he had only known how they talked about him and praised him everywhere, and prophesied great things for him when he grew up, how astonished he would have been! But he never suspected it. He lived

his simple, happy child life,—frolicking about in the park; chasing the rabbits to their burrows; lying under the trees on the grass, or on the rug in the library, reading wonderful books and talking to the Earl about them, and then telling the stories again to his mother; writing long letters to Dick and Mr. Hobbs, who responded in characteristic fashion; riding out at his grandfather's side, or with Wilkins as escort. As they rode through the market town, he used to see the people turn and look, and he noticed that as they lifted their



"THE WORKMEN LIKED TO SEE HIM STAND AMONG THEM, TALKING AWAY, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS."

hats their faces often brightened very much, but he thought it was all because his grandfather was with him.

"They are so fond of you," he once said, looking up at his lordship with a bright smile. "Do you see how glad they are when they see you? I hope they will some day be as fond of me. It must be nice to have *everybody* like you." And he felt quite proud to be the grandson of so greatly admired and beloved an individual.

When the cottages were being built, the lad and his grandfather used to ride over to Earl's Court together to look at them, and Fauntleroy was full of interest. He would dismount from his pony and go and make acquaintance with the workman, asking them questions about building and bricklaying, and telling them things about

America. After two or three such conversations, he was able to enlighten the Earl on the subject of brickmaking, as they rode home.

"I always like to know about things like those," he said, "because you never know what you are coming to."

When he left them, the workmen used to talk him over among themselves, and laugh at his odd, innocent speeches; but they liked him, and liked to see him stand among them, talking away, with his hands in his pockets, his hat pushed back on his curls, and his small face full of eagerness. "He's a rare un," they used to say. "An' a wise little outspoken chap too. Not much o' th' bad stock in him." And they would go home and tell their wives about him, and the women would tell each other, and so it came about that almost every one talked of, or knew some story of, little Lord Fauntleroy; and gradually almost every one knew that the "wicked Earl" had found something he cared for at last—something which had touched and even warmed his hard, bitter old heart.

But no one knew quite how much it had been warmed, and how day by day the old man found himself caring more and more for the child, who was the only creature that had ever trusted him. He found himself looking forward to the time when Cedric would be a young man, strong and beautiful, with life all before him, but having still that kind heart and the power to make friends everywhere; and the Earl wondered what the lad would do, and how he would use his gifts. Often as he watched the little fellow lying upon the hearth, conning some big book, the light shining on the bright young head, his old eyes would gleam and his cheek would flush.

"The boy can do anything," he would say to himself, "anything!"

He never spoke to any one else of his feeling for Cedric; when he spoke of him to others it was always with the same grim smile. But Fauntleroy soon knew that his grandfather loved him and always liked him to be near—near to his chair if they were in the library, opposite to him at table, or by his side when he rode or drove or took his evening walk on the broad terrace.

"Do you remember," Cedric said once, looking up from his book as he lay on the rug, "do you remember what I said to you that first night about our being good companions? I don't think any people could be better companions than we are, do you?"

"We are pretty good companions, I should say," replied his lordship. "Come here."

Fauntleroy scrambled up and went to him.

"Is there anything you want," the Earl asked; "anything you have not?"

The little fellow's brown eyes fixed themselves on his grandfather with a rather wistful look.

"Only one thing," he answered.

"What is that?" inquired the Earl.

Fauntleroy was silent a second. He had not thought matters over to himself so long for nothing.

"What is it?" my lord repeated.

Fauntleroy answered.

"It is Dearest," he said.

The old Earl winced a little.

"But you see her almost every day," he said.

"Is not that enough?"

"I used to see her all the time," said Fauntleroy. "She used to kiss me when I went to sleep at night, and in the morning she was always there, and we could tell each other things without waiting."

The old eyes and the young ones looked into each other through a moment of silence. Then the Earl knitted his brows.

"Do you *never* forget about your mother?" he said.

"No," answered Fauntleroy, "never; and she never forgets about me. I should n't forget about *you*, you know, if I didn't live with you. I should think about you all the more."

"Upon my word," said the Earl, after looking at him a moment longer, "I believe you would!"

The jealous pang that came when the boy spoke so of his mother seemed even stronger than it had been before—it was stronger because of this old man's increasing affection for the boy.

But it was not long before he had other pangs, so much harder to face that he almost forgot, for the time, he had ever hated his son's wife at all. And in a strange and startling way it happened. One evening, just before the Earl's Court cottages were completed, there was a grand dinner party at Dorincourt. There had not been such a party at the Castle for a long time. A few days before it took place, Sir Harry Lorrdaile and Lady Lorrdaile, who was the Earl's only sister, actually came for a visit—a thing which caused the greatest excitement in the village and set Mrs. Dibble's shop-bell tingling madly again, because it was well known that Lady Lorrdaile had only been to Dorincourt once since her marriage, thirty-five years before. She was a handsome old lady with white curls and dimpled, peachy cheeks, and she was as good as gold, but she had never approved of her brother any more than did the rest of the world, and having a strong will of her own and not being at all afraid to speak her mind frankly, she had, after several lively quarrels with his lordship, seen very little of him since her young days.

She had heard a great deal of him that was not

pleasant through the years in which they had been separated. She had heard about his neglect of his wife, and of the poor lady's death; and of his indifference to his children; and of the two weak, vicious, unprepossessing elder boys who had been no credit to him or to any one else. Those two elder sons, Bevis and Maurice, she had never seen; but once there had come to Lorrdaile Park a tall, stalwart, beautiful young fellow about eighteen years old who had told her that he was her nephew Cedric Errol, and that he had come to see her because he was passing near the place and wished to look at his Aunt Constantia of whom he had heard his mother speak. Lady Lorrdaile's kind heart had warmed through and through at the sight of the young man, and she had made him stay with her a week, and petted him, and made much of him and admired him immensely. He was so sweet-tempered, light-hearted, spirited a lad, that when he went away, she had hoped to see him often again; but she never did, because the Earl had been in a bad humor when he went back to Dorincourt, and had forbidden him ever to go to Lorrdaile Park again. But Lady Lorrdaile had always remembered him tenderly, and though she feared he had made a rash marriage in America, she had been very angry when she heard how he had been cast off by his father and that no one really knew where or how he lived. At last there came a rumor of his death, and then Bevis had been thrown from his horse and killed, and Maurice had died in Rome of the fever; and soon after came the story of the American child who was to be found and brought home as Lord Fauntleroy.

"Probably to be ruined as the others were," she said to her husband, "unless his mother is good enough and has a will of her own to help her to take care of him."

But when she heard that Cedric's mother had been parted from him she was almost too indignant for words.

"It is disgraceful, Harry!" she said. "Fancy a child of that age being taken from his mother, and made the companion of a man like my brother! The old Earl will either be brutal to the boy or indulge him until he is a little monster. If I thought it would do any good to write—"

"It would n't, Constantia," said Sir Harry.

"I know it would n't," she answered. "I know his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt too well;—but it is outrageous."

Not only the poor people and farmers heard about little Lord Fauntleroy; others knew of him. He was talked about so much and there were so many stories of him—of his beauty, his sweet temper, his popularity, and his growing influence over the Earl, his grandfather—that rumors of him

reached the gentry at their country places and he was heard of in more than one county of England. People talked about him at the dinner tables, ladies pitied his young mother, and wondered if the

in his lordship's amiability. Sir Thomas Asshe of Asshaine Hall, being in Erleboro one day, met the Earl and his grandson riding together and stopped to shake hands with my lord and congratulate him



"'I WAS THINKING HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE,' SAID LORD FAUNTLEROY." (SEE PAGE 651.)

boy were as handsome as he was said to be, and men who knew the Earl and his habits laughed heartily at the stories of the little fellow's belief

on his change of looks and on his recovery from the gout. "And, d'ye know!" he said, when he spoke of the incident afterward, "the old man looked as

proud as a turkey-cock; and upon my word I don't wonder, for a handsomer, finer lad than his grandson I never saw! As straight as a dart, and sat his pony like a young trooper!"

And so by degrees Lady Lorrdaile, too, heard of the child; she heard about Higgins, and the lame boy, and the cottages at Earl's Court, and a score of other things,—and she began to wish to see the little fellow. And just as she was wondering how it might be brought about, to her utter astonishment, she received a letter from her brother inviting her to come with her husband to Dorincourt.

"It seems incredible!" she exclaimed. "I have heard it said that the child has worked miracles, and I begin to believe it. They say my brother adores the boy and can scarcely endure to have him out of sight. And he is so proud of him! Actually, I believe he wants to show him to us." And she accepted the invitation at once.

When she reached Dorincourt Castle with Sir Harry, it was late in the afternoon, and she went to her room at once before seeing her brother. Having dressed for dinner she entered the drawing-room. The Earl was there standing near the fire and looking very tall and imposing; and at his side stood a little boy in black velvet, and a large Vandyke collar of rich lace—a little fellow whose round bright face was so handsome, and who turned upon her such beautiful, candid brown eyes, that she almost uttered an exclamation of pleasure and surprise at the sight.

As she shook hands with the Earl, she called him by the name she had not used since her girlhood.

"What, Molyneux," she said, "is this the child?"

"Yes, Constantia," answered the Earl, "this is the boy. Fauntleroy, this is your grand-aunt, Lady Lorrdaile."

"How do you do, Grand-Aunt?" said Fauntleroy.

Lady Lorrdaile put her hand on his shoulders, and after looking down into his upraised face a few seconds, kissed him warmly.

"I am your Aunt Constantia," she said, "and I loved your poor papa, and you are very like him."

"It makes me glad when I am told I am like him," answered Fauntleroy, "because it seems as if every one liked him,—just like Dearest, eszactly,—Aunt Constantia," (adding the two words after a second's pause.)

Lady Lorrdaile was delighted. She bent and kissed him again, and from that moment they were warm friends.

"Well, Molyneux," she said aside to the Earl afterward, "it could not possibly be better than this!"

"I think not," answered his lordship dryly. "He is a fine little fellow. We are great friends. He believes me to be the most charming and sweet-tempered of philanthropists. I will confess to you, Constantia,—as you would find it out if I did not,—that I am in some slight danger of becoming rather an old fool about him."

"What does his mother think of you?" asked Lady Lorrdaile, with her usual straightforwardness.

"I have not asked her," answered the Earl, slightly scowling.

"Well," said Lady Lorrdaile, "I will be frank with you at the outset, Molyneux, and tell you I don't approve of your course, and that it is my intention to call on Mrs. Errol as soon as possible; so if you wish to quarrel with me, you had better mention it at once. What I hear of the young creature makes me quite sure that her child owes her everything. We were told even at Lorrdaile Park that your poorer tenants adore her already."

"They adore *him*," said the Earl, nodding toward Fauntleroy. "As to Mrs. Errol, you'll find her a pretty little woman. I'm rather in debt to her for giving some of her beauty to the boy, and you can go to see her if you like. All I ask is that she will remain at Court Lodge and that you will not ask me to go and see her," and he scowled a little again.

"But he does n't hate her as much as he used to, that is plain enough to me," her ladyship said to Sir Harry afterward. "And he is a changed man in a measure, and, incredible as it may seem, Harry, it is my opinion that he is being made into a human being, through nothing more nor less than his affection for that innocent, affectionate little fellow. Why, the child actually loves him—leans on his chair and against his knee. My lord's own children would as soon have thought of nestling up to a tiger."

The very next day she went to call upon Mrs. Errol. When she returned, she said to her brother:

"Molyneux, she is the loveliest little woman I ever saw! She has a voice like a silver bell, and you may thank her for making the boy what he is. She has given him more than her beauty, and you make a great mistake in not persuading her to come and take charge of you. I shall invite her to Lorrdaile."

"She'll not leave the boy," replied the Earl.

"I must have the boy too," said Lady Lorrdaile, laughingly.

But she knew Fauntleroy would not be given up to her, and each day she saw more clearly how closely those two had grown to each other, and how all the proud, grim old man's ambition and hope and love centered themselves in the child, and how

the warm, innocent nature returned his affection with most perfect trust and good faith.

She knew, too, that the prime reason for the great dinner party was the Earl's secret desire to show the world his grandson and heir, and to let people see that the boy who had been so much spoken of and described was even a finer little specimen of boyhood than rumor had made him.

"Bevis and Maurice were such a bitter humiliation to him," she said to her husband. "Every one knew it. He actually hated them. His pride has full sway here." Perhaps there was not one person who accepted the invitation without feeling some curiosity about little Lord Fauntleroy, and wondering if he would be on view.

And when the time came he was on view.

"The lad has good manners," said the Earl. "He will be in no one's way. Children are usually idiots or bores,—mine were both,—but he can actually answer when he's spoken to, and be silent when he is not. He is never offensive."

But he was not allowed to be silent very long. Every one had something to say to him. The fact was they wished to make him talk. The ladies petted him and asked him questions, and the men asked him questions too, and joked with him, as the men on the steamer had done when he crossed the Atlantic. Fauntleroy did not quite understand why they laughed so sometimes when he answered them, but he was so used to seeing people amused when he was quite serious, that he did not mind. He thought the whole evening delightful. The magnificent rooms were so brilliant with lights, there were so many flowers, the gentlemen seemed so gay, and the ladies wore such beautiful, wonderful dresses, and such sparkling ornaments in their hair and on their necks. There was one young lady who, he heard them say, had just come down from London, where she had spent the "season"; and she was so charming that he could not keep his eyes from her. She was a rather tall young lady with a proud little head, and very soft dark hair, and large eyes the color of purple pansies, and the color on her cheeks and lips was like that of a rose. She was dressed in a beautiful white dress, and had pearls around her throat. There was one strange thing about this young lady. So many gentlemen stood near her, and seemed anxious to please her, that Fauntleroy thought she must be something like a princess. He was so much interested in her that without knowing it he drew nearer and nearer to her and at last she turned and spoke to him.

"Come here, Lord Fauntleroy," she said, smiling; "and tell me why you look at me so."

"I was thinking how beautiful you are," his young lordship replied.

Then all the gentlemen laughed outright, and the young lady laughed a little too, and the rose color in her cheeks brightened.

"Ah, Fauntleroy," said one of the gentlemen who had laughed most heartily, "make the most of your time! When you are older you will not have the courage to say that."

"But nobody could help saying it," said Fauntleroy sweetly. "Could you help it? Don't you think she is pretty too?"

"We are not allowed to say what we think," said the gentleman, while the rest laughed more than ever.

But the beautiful young lady—her name was Miss Vivian Herbert—put out her hand and drew Cedric to her side, looking prettier than before, if possible.

"Lord Fauntleroy shall say what he thinks," she said; "and I am much obliged to him. I am sure he thinks what he says." And she kissed him on his cheek.

"I think you are prettier than any one I ever saw," said Fauntleroy, looking at her with innocent, admiring eyes, "except Dearest. Of course, I could n't think any one *quite* as pretty as Dearest. I think she is the prettiest person in the world."

"I am sure she is," said Miss Vivian Herbert. And she laughed and kissed his cheek again.

She kept him by her side a great part of the evening, and the group of which they were the center was very gay. He did not know how it happened, but before long he was telling them all about America, and the Republican Rally, and Mr. Hobbs and Dick, and in the end he proudly produced from his pocket Dick's parting gift,—the red silk handkerchief.

"I put it in my pocket to-night because it was a party," he said. "I thought Dick would like me to wear it at a party."

And queer as the big, flaming, spotted thing was, there was a serious, affectionate look in his eyes, which prevented his audience from laughing very much.

"You see I like it," he said, "because Dick is my friend."

But though he was talked to so much, as the Earl had said, he was in no one's way. He could be quiet and listen when others talked, and so no one found him tiresome. A slight smile crossed more than one face when several times he went and stood near his grandfather's chair, or sat on a stool close to him, watching him and absorbing every word he uttered with the most charmed interest. Once he stood so near the chair's arm that his cheek touched the Earl's shoulder, and his lordship, detecting the general smile, smiled a little

himself. He knew what the lookers-on were thinking, and he felt some secret amusement in their seeing what a good friend he was to this youngster, who might have been expected to share the popular opinion of him.

Mr. Havisham had been expected to arrive in the afternoon, but, strange to say, he was late. Such a thing had really never been known to happen before during all the years in which he had been a visitor at Dorincourt Castle. He was so late that the guests were on the point of rising to go in to dinner when he arrived. When he approached his host, the Earl regarded him with amazement. He looked as if he had been hurried or agitated; his dry, keen old face was actually pale.

"I was detained," he said, in a low voice to the Earl, "by—an extraordinary event."

It was as unlike the methodic old lawyer to be agitated by anything as it was to be late, but it was evident that he had been disturbed. At dinner he ate scarcely anything, and two or three times, when he was spoken to, he started as if his thoughts were far away. At dessert, when Fauntleroy came in, he looked at him more than once, nervously and uneasily. Fauntleroy noted the look and wondered at it. He and Mr. Havisham were on friendly terms, and they usually exchanged smiles. The lawyer seemed to have forgotten to smile that evening.

The fact was he forgot everything but the strange and painful news he knew he must tell the Earl before the night was over—the strange news which he knew would be so terrible a shock, and which would change the face of everything. As he looked about at the splendid rooms and the brilliant company,—at the people gathered together, he knew, more that they might see the bright-haired little fellow near the Earl's chair than for any other reason,—as he looked at the proud old man and at little Lord Fauntleroy smiling at his side, he really felt quite shaken, notwithstanding that he was a hardened old lawyer. What a blow it was that he must deal them!

He did not exactly know how the long, superb dinner ended. He sat through it as if he were in a dream, and several times he saw the Earl glance at him in surprise.

But it was over at last, and the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. They found Fauntleroy sitting on a sofa with Miss Vivian Herbert,—the great beauty of the last London season; they had been looking at some pictures, and he was thanking his companion, as the door opened.

"I 'm ever so much obliged to you for being so kind to me!" he was saying; "I never was at a party before, and I've enjoyed myself so much!"

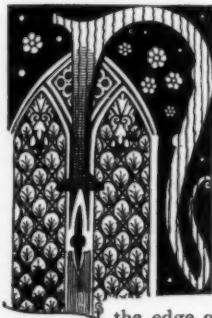
He had enjoyed himself so much that when the gentlemen gathered about Miss Herbert again and began to talk to her, as he listened and tried to understand their laughing speeches, his eyelids began to droop. They drooped until they covered his eyes two or three times, and then the sound of Miss Herbert's low, pretty laugh would bring him back, and he would open them again for about two seconds. He was quite sure he was not going to sleep, but there was a large, yellow satin cushion behind him and his head sank against it, and after a while his eyelids drooped for the last time. They did not even quite open when, as it seemed a long time after, some one kissed him lightly on the cheek. It was Miss Vivian Herbert, who was going away, and she spoke to him softly.

"Good-night, little Lord Fauntleroy," she said. "Sleep well."

And in the morning he did not know that he had tried to open his eyes and had murmured sleepily,

"Good-night—I 'm so—glad—I saw you—you are so—pretty——"

He only had a very faint recollection of hearing the gentlemen laugh again and of wondering why they did it.



o sooner had the last guest left the room, than Mr. Havisham turned from his place by the fire, and stepped nearer the sofa, where he stood looking down at the sleeping occupant. Little Lord Fauntleroy was taking his ease luxuriously. One leg crossed the other and swung over the edge of the sofa; his arm was flung easily above his head; the warm flush of healthful, happy, childish sleep was on his quiet face; his waving tangle of bright hair strayed over the yellow satin cushion. He made a picture well worth looking at.

As Mr. Havisham looked at it, he put his hand up and rubbed his shaven chin, with a harassed countenance.

"Well, Havisham," said the Earl's harsh voice behind him. "What is it? It is evident something has happened. What was the extraordinary event, if I may ask?"

Mr. Havisham turned from the sofa, still rubbing his chin.

"It was bad news," he answered, "distressing news, my lord—the worst of news. I am sorry to be the bearer of it."

The Earl had been uneasy for some time during the evening, as he glanced at Mr. Havisham, and when he was uneasy he was always ill-tempered.

"Why do you look so at the boy!" he exclaimed irritably. "You have been looking at him all the evening as if—See here now, why should you look at the boy, Havisham, and hang over him like some bird of ill-omen! What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "I will waste no words. My news has everything to do with Lord Fauntleroy. And if we are to believe it—it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us, but only the son of Captain Errol. And the present Lord Fauntleroy is the son of your son Bevis, and is at this moment in a lodging-house in London."

The Earl clutched the arms of his chair with both his hands until the veins stood out upon them; the veins stood out on his forehead too; his fierce old face was almost livid.

"What do you mean!" he cried out. "You are mad! Whose lie is this?"

"If it is a lie," answered Mr. Havisham, "it is painfully like the truth. A woman came to my chambers this morning. She said your son Bevis married her six years ago in London. She showed me her marriage certificate. They quarreled a year after the marriage, and he paid her to keep away from him. She has a son five years old. She is an American of the lower classes,—an ignorant person,—and until lately she did not fully understand what her son could claim. She consulted a lawyer and found out that the boy was really Lord Fauntleroy and the heir to the earldom of Dorincourt; and she, of course, insists on his claims being acknowledged."

There was a movement of the curly head on the yellow satin cushion. A soft, long, sleepy sigh came from the parted lips, and the little boy stirred in his sleep, but not at all restlessly or uneasily. Not at all as if his slumber were disturbed by the fact that he was being proved a small impostor and that he was not Lord Fauntleroy at all and never would be the Earl of Dorincourt. He only turned his rosy face more on its side as if to enable the old man who stared at it so solemnly to see it better.

The handsome, grim old face was ghastly. A bitter smile fixed itself upon it.

"I should refuse to believe a word of it," he said, "if it were not such a low, scoundrelly piece of business that it becomes quite possible in connection with the name of my son Bevis. It is quite like Bevis. He was always a disgrace to us. Always a weak, untruthful, vicious young brute with low

tastes—my son and heir, Bevis, Lord Fauntleroy. The woman is an ignorant, vulgar person, you say?"

"I am obliged to admit that she can scarcely spell her own name," answered the lawyer. She is absolutely uneducated and openly mercenary. She cares for nothing but the money. She is very handsome in a coarse way, but——"

The fastidious old lawyer ceased speaking and gave a sort of shudder.

The veins on the old Earl's forehead stood out like purple cords. Something else stood out upon it too—cold drops of moisture. He took out his handkerchief and swept them away. His smile grew even more bitter.

"And I," he said, "I objected to—to the other woman, the mother of this child" (pointing to the sleeping form on the sofa); "I refused to recognize her. And yet she could spell her own name. I suppose this is retribution."

Suddenly he sprang up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room. Fierce and terrible words poured forth from his lips. His rage and hatred and cruel disappointment shook him as a storm shakes a tree. His violence was something dreadful to see, and yet Mr. Havisham noticed that at the very worst of his wrath he never seemed to forget the little sleeping figure on the yellow satin cushions, and that he never once spoke loud enough to awaken it.

"I might have known it," he said. "They were a disgrace to me from their first hour! I hated them both; and they hated me! Bevis was the worse of the two. I will not believe this yet, though! I will contend against it to the last. But it is like Bevis—it is like him!"

And then he raged again and asked questions about the woman, about her proofs, and pacing the room, turned first white and then purple in his repressed fury.

When at last he had learned all there was to be told, and knew the worst, Mr. Havisham looked at him with a feeling of anxiety. He looked broken and haggard and changed. His rages had always been bad for him, but this one had been worse than the rest because there had been something more than rage in it.

He came slowly back to the sofa, at last, and stood near it.

"If any one had told me I could be fond of a child," he said, his harsh voice low and unsteady, "I should not have believed them. I always detested children—my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one; he is fond of me," (with a bitter smile.) "I am not popular; I never was. But he is fond of me. He never was afraid of me—he always trusted me. He would have filled my place

better than I have filled it. I know that. He would have been an honor to the name."

He bent down and stood a minute or so looking at the happy, sleeping face. His shaggy eyebrows were knitted fiercely, and yet somehow he did not seem fierce at all. He put up his hand, pushed

the bright hair back from the forehead, and then turned away and rang the bell.

When the largest footman appeared, he pointed to the sofa.

"Take"—he said, and then his voice changed a little—"take Lord Fauntleroy to his room."

(To be continued.)

THREE VELVETY BEES.

By M. M. D.



THREE velvety, busy, buzzing bees
Once plunged in a thistle plant up to their knees.
Alas! Though plucky and stout of heart,
They bounded away with an angry start.
For the thistle 's the touchiest thing that grows;
It 's the firework plant—as every one knows.
And every buzzer should pass it by
On the day that is known as the Fourth of July.

FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

THERE was once a boy who thought that he could choose his birthday present more wisely than could his father and mother. He wanted an "arrow rifle"—a useless affair which has long since gone to the place where toys which are failures go. He was disappointed however. His birthday brought him not an "arrow rifle," but a light, jointed fishing-rod. Now this boy had already done some fishing with a heavy bamboo pole, or with one cut from an alder, jerking the fish out of the water, and swinging them over his head. To be sure the heavy pole made his arms ache, but his new rod, which bent at every touch, seemed to him too slender and flimsy to be of any use whatever.

I fear he was not very grateful at first, but he was properly rebuked when his father took a day from professional cares, and opened the lad's eyes to the pleasure of fishing with light tackle. When he had learned to "cast" flies with his elastic, strong rod, without hooking somebody or something not meant to be hooked; when he had seen the beautiful vermilion-spotted trout flash clear of the water, tempted by the flies; and when he had found that he could tire out and land larger fish than he had ever caught before, simply by pitting against their cunning and strength, skill and patience instead of mere brute force,—then there was opened to that boy a new world of sport and healthy recreation. He has never regretted the "arrow rifle"; and he now proposes to tell the boys as well as the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS how to obtain something which is within the reach of both,—the greatest possible pleasure from fishing.

If one could take a bird's-eye view of our country at any time in the summer, he would see boys and girls catching all kinds of fish in all kinds of ways; some off the coast in sailboats, tugging at bluefish or mackerel, others profiting by ST. NICHOLAS'S lessons in black-bass fishing, some "skittering" for pickerel in New England lakes, others trolling for pike in the lakes and rivers of the West. But of all the fresh-water game fish there is none more beautiful and graceful or more active than the trout.

Any New York boy who has never caught a trout should go down to Fulton Market at the opening of the trout season, when trout are gathered there from all parts of the country. He will see "rainbow" trout from the Rocky Mountains, their sides iridescent, and stained as if marked by

a bloody finger. These are being introduced into Eastern waters. He will find trout in the blackest of mourning robes and others gayly dressed in silver tinsel. Sometimes the vermilion spots on the side shine like fire; again they are as dull as if the



RAINBOW TROUT.

fire had gone out and left only gray ashes. For there are several varieties of trout known to naturalists and traveled fishermen, and even the brook trout, called by the formidable name of *Salmo fontinalis*, varies greatly in color and shape in different localities. In Arizona, I have caught trout which were fairly black. In Dublin Lake in New Hampshire, the trout look like bars of polished silver as they are drawn up through the water. I never saw a more sharply marked contrast than that between the trout of two little Maine lakes, near the head-waters of the Androscoggin River. In one, the trout were long, and as thin as race-horses, and their flesh was of a salmon-pink hue; in the other, not half a mile away, the trout were short, thick, and almost hump-backed, with darker skins and lighter flesh. The first lake had a sandy, gravelly bottom, and the water was clear as crystal; the bottom of the second was muddy, and the water dark and turbid. This explained the difference in the fish, a difference always existing in



RANGELEY LAKE TROUT.

trout of brooks or lakes under the same conditions.

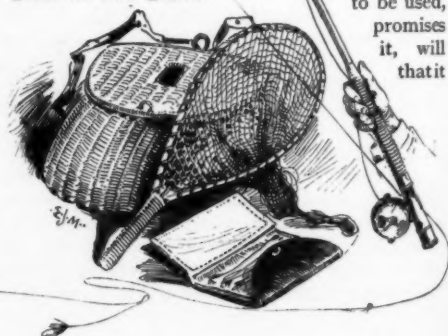
In the great Androscoggin Lakes of Maine, the trout, which are brook trout, grow to the largest size known anywhere. They have been caught weighing twelve pounds, and many claimed that

they were true lake trout, until the famous naturalist Agassiz decided that, although living in lakes, they were true brook trout. These immense trout have very thick bodies and cruel hooked jaws; but the guides can point out many contrasts between trout from different lakes, or even from different parts of the same lake. There are trout nearly as large in the rivers of the British Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec, but these are usually lighter colored, and they are quite another variety, being known as sea trout, or *Salmo trutta*. All this adds to the interest of trout-fishing by inducing the angler to acquaint himself with what the Natural Histories have to tell him about the various kinds of trout. Then the differences in one kind teach him to be observant and excite a curiosity as to the habits of the trout. Here the Natural Histories will fail him. Only by following trout brooks and tempting the larger trout of lakes, can he properly study the ways and curious moods of this cunning, timid fish. And even then, if he be modest, he will often confess himself sadly puzzled; for the trout's wits are sometimes more than a match for the fisherman's. And this trout-fishing; for if one had to deal with a fish which der any circumstances, and give up the fight as soon soon grow very stupid. In trout-fishing, one will wind, weather, and water, and learn how to approach how to delude one of the most wary, and how to do this it is necessary to have reliable rod, reel, line, leaders, flies, and landing-one can cast with it easily and persistently, bend into all manner of curves without it is too stiff, the fisherman's arm will or withy, it will not cast flies well, and to bring a strain upon them. In have been made of split bamboo, hickory, hornbeam, iron-wood, woods, and there have even been The split bamboo rods are kind of Calcutta bamboo and surface is rounded, but oft-good, are the best of all. rods in the world and readers to buy a split require very careful be repaired. The fly is one with an ash from ten feet to and a half. Such emphasize reli-one may get all dealers to be used, promises it, will that it

lake trout, until the famous naturalist Agassiz decided that, although living in lakes, they were true brook trout. These immense trout have very thick bodies and cruel hooked jaws; but the guides can point out many contrasts between trout from different lakes, or even from different parts of the same lake. There are trout nearly as large in the rivers of the British Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec, but these are usually lighter colored, and they are quite another variety, being known as sea trout, or *Salmo trutta*. All this adds to the interest of trout-fishing by inducing the angler to acquaint himself with what the Natural Histories have to tell him about the various kinds of trout. Then the differences in one kind teach him to be observant and excite a curiosity as to the habits of the trout. Here the Natural Histories will fail him. Only by following trout brooks and tempting the larger trout of lakes, can he properly study the ways and curious moods of this cunning, timid fish. And even then, if he be modest, he will often confess himself sadly puzzled; for the trout's wits are sometimes more than a match for the fisherman's. And this trout-fishing; for if one had to deal with a fish which der any circumstances, and give up the fight as soon soon grow very stupid. In trout-fishing, one will wind, weather, and water, and learn how to approach how to delude one of the most wary, and how to do this it is necessary to have reliable rod, reel, line, leaders, flies, and landing-one can cast with it easily and persistently, bend into all manner of curves without it is too stiff, the fisherman's arm will or withy, it will not cast flies well, and to bring a strain upon them. In have been made of split bamboo, hickory, hornbeam, iron-wood, woods, and there have even been The split bamboo rods are kind of Calcutta bamboo and surface is rounded, but oft-good, are the best of all. rods in the world and readers to buy a split require very careful be repaired. The fly is one with an ash from ten feet to and a half. Such emphasize reli-one may get all dealers to be used, promises it, will that it

“tackle,” a term which includes net. The rod must be so light that and yet it must be strong enough to breaking, and to tire out large trout. If soon be wearied, and if it is too flexible it will not hold fish firmly if the angler needs attempts to meet these requirements, fly rods ash and lancewood, bethabara, greenheart, cedar, snake-wood, shadblow and perhaps twenty other experiments in making rods of thin steel tubes. made of four or six triangular strips cut from the carefully fitted and glued together. Sometimes the ener it has six sides. These rods, when they are really Indeed, Americans may justly claim to make the finest also the finest lines. But I should not advise any of my bamboo fly rod, because these rods are very expensive, they treatment, and if broken they must go back to the maker to rod which I recommend to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS butt, and the second joint and tip of lance-wood. It should be ten feet and a half in length, and should weigh about seven ounces a rod can be obtained from any reliable dealer in any large city. I able because there are fishing-tackle stores where rods nice to look at, but worthless to use. Nearly keep what is called an “all around” rod, intended for either fly or bait fishing, but this, like most com-is usually unsatisfactory. This, or something like probably be shown you if you ask for a boy's rod, so is better to tell the dealer or rod-maker exactly what you want, and to accept nothing else. If he takes a pride in his work and has a reputation to sustain, he will interest himself in picking out a rod of sound, well-seasoned wood, evenly balanced, elastic, with a good action, and a peculiar “kick” in the second joint, which is of great service in casting a fly. If

Trout-rod and Tackle.



son
mu
ree
if t
tha
fly-
the
and
and
ama
taki
adv
his
T
The
to r
deca
whic
F is
or F
"le
yard
"cli
plate
*
much



YOUNG ANGLERS.

some one can help you in making your choice, so much the better. Then it will be well to attach a reel and line to the rod and try it in actual casting, if this is possible; and when the rod is bent, see that the bend is an even curve. The pleasure of fly-fishing depends upon the quality of the rod, and the choice should therefore be made deliberately and wisely. Some fishermen make their own rods, and there are dealers who supply materials for amateur rod-makers; but this is a difficult undertaking and can not be described here.* I should advise any boy to go to a professional maker for his first fly rod.

The "enameled water-proof" lines are the best. These are braided from boiled silk, and prepared to resist the action of water, which will cause the decay of an ordinary line. Of the various sizes, which are distinguished by letters, that known as F is perhaps most desirable, although either E or F will answer the purpose. The line should be "level," not tapering, and at least twenty-five yards in length. This will be wound upon a "click" reel of equal capacity, preferably nickel-plated. But this is of less importance than the

internal construction of the reel, for which you should have the maker's guarantee. Now come the flies. There are names enough to fill a directory, and a greater variety of colors than the woods show in autumn. A few flies like the "Montreal," "Professor," "Scarlet Ibis," "Coachman," and "the Hackles," are to be found in almost every angler's book. For the rest, it will be well to learn, from some experienced angler or intelligent dealer, the flies best suited to the particular waters which you intend to fish. At the Rangeley lakes, for example, you will find that large, gaudy flies are much used, like the "Parmachenee Belle," "Silver and Golden Doctor," and "Grizzly King," and there is one local fly called the "Katoodle Bug." In the Adirondacks, smaller flies of quieter colors are favored. For brook-fishing, very small flies of neutral tints are much used except when the water is very dark. A fly-book will be needed to contain flies and also leaders. The leader is a piece of "silk-worm gut," which should be about six feet in length. One end is fastened to the line, and the stretcher-fly is made fast at the other. One or two other flies, called droppers, are

* "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," by Mr. H. P. Wells, explains methods of making and repairing rods and other tackle, and gives much valuable instruction in fly-fishing.

usually attached at intervals of two feet or more along the leader. Before making your choice, the leaders should be closely examined to see whether

the first cast, take the end of the line in the left hand, and bring the rod upward and backward until the line is taut.



TROUT FLIES.

any part is frayed or cracked. They can be tested by a pull of four or five pounds on a spring balance. The leader is used as being less conspicuous than the line in the water, and, therefore, less likely to frighten away trout approaching the flies. Most leaders are dyed a misty bluish color which, it is thought, will escape even the keen eyes of the trout. A landing-net, the size and strength of which depend upon the fishing-ground, completes the list of tackle.

The next step is to learn how to cast a fly, and here practice and the advice of some experienced fly-fisherman will be worth more than printed instructions.

It is not necessary, however, to wait for summer nor for access to water, in order to practice casting. A housetop, a dooryard, or even the spacious floor of an old-fashioned barn, as the case may be, offers just as good a chance for practice as a lake or river. When the rod is jointed together, the reel attached, and the line passed through the rings and beyond the tip about the length of the rod, the learner is usually seized with a wild desire to flourish rod and line like a whip with a long snapper. This feeling must promptly be suppressed. Fly-casting is a very simple movement, and not a flourish. The elbow is kept down at the side, the forearm moving only a little, and most of the work is done by the wrist. Holding the rod by the "grip," the part of the butt wound with silk or rattan to assist the grasp, one finds that the reel, which is just below the "grip," aids in balancing the rod. The reel is underneath in casting. After hooking a fish, many anglers turn their rods so as to bring the reel to the upper side, thus letting the strain of the line come upon the rod itself instead of upon the rings. In holding the "grip," the thumb should be extended straight along the rod, as this gives an additional "purchase." For

As you release the line, the spring of the rod carries the line backward. This is the back cast. Then comes an instant's pause, while the line straightens itself out behind, and then, with a firm motion of the wrist, helped a little by the forearm, the rod is thrown forward, and the line flies easily out in front. Begin with a line once or once-and-a-half as long as the rod, and lengthen it out by degrees. The main points to be remembered are: to keep the elbow at the side, to train

the wrist, to move the rod not too far forward or back, always to wait until the line is straight behind on the back cast, and to make sure that in this the line falls no lower than your head, a process which it will take time to accomplish. There is no more awkward fault than that of whipping a rod down to a level with the horizon before and behind, and swishing the flies through the air until some of them are snapped off.

When the learner becomes accustomed to handling his rod, he must try to perfect himself in two matters of great importance — accuracy and delicacy. Place a small piece of paper fifteen or twenty feet away, and aim at making the knot in the end of the line fall easily and quietly upon it. Your efforts will be aided if you will raise the point of the rod a trifle, just as the forward impulse of the line is spent, and the line itself is straightened in the air for an instant in front. This is a novel kind of target-shooting, but its usefulness will be realized when the angler finds it necessary to drop his flies so lightly just over the head of some particularly wary trout, that the fish, although too shy or lazy to move a yard, will be persuaded that some tempting natural flies have foolishly settled on the water just within reach of his jaws. By practice of this kind, which is an excellent form of light exercise in itself, any boy or girl can learn a very fascinating art. It is not necessary to make very long casts. At fly-casting tournaments in Central Park, casts have been made of about ninety feet, but in actual fishing a third of that distance is usually sufficient. Never cast more line than you can conveniently and safely handle.

And now that we are ready to go a-fishing, the question arises, "Where shall we go?" The cold, bitter weather common in early April is not favorable to fishermen or fish. When May sunshine brings the leaves out on the trees, and fields are

greed
well
to
Isl
now
are
club
relat
hire
a jo
hom
strea
and



CAPTURING TWO FISH AT ONCE,—OR "LANDING A DOUBLE."

green and skies are blue, then Long Island may well tempt any New York boy who has a holiday to spend in fly-fishing. Years ago, any Long Island water could be fished without question, but now nearly all the Long Island brooks and ponds are "preserved,"—that is, kept for personal use by clubs or private owners. A boy who has a friend or relative among the owners of these preserves, or can hire a fishing privilege, can enjoy trout-fishing within a journey of two or three hours from his New York home. Within a few hours' ride, also, are trout streams in the southern counties of New York State and in Pennsylvania, although the former are so

often visited that the fish have not time to grow large. The New England boy finds trout brooks in western Connecticut, in northern Massachusetts, and in the Cape Cod region, in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, and especially in Maine. Once, almost every stream and lake in New England contained trout. But forests were cut down, and some of the streams dwindled until they went dry in summer. Saw-mills were built, the streams were dammed up so as to be impassable for trout, and the trout eggs were buried under sawdust. Manufactory have poisoned the water of some rivers and others have been literally "fished dry." The

trout of any brook near a large New England town have a very poor chance of long life. All this is discouraging enough, but yet there are trout to be caught, as every New England boy knows.

The most famous fishing-places in the East are the Rangeley Lakes in Maine and the Adirondacks in New York. About the third week of May the ice goes out of the great chain of lakes forming the head-waters of the Androscoggin River in Maine. Then the red-shirted river-drivers come down with "drives" of logs, which dash through the sluiceways of immense dams between the different lakes. And while the brown pine trunks are still shooting through the dams, fishermen begin to gather from all parts of the country, for in the clear cold water of these lakes the trout, feeding upon myriads of minnows, grow to be the giants of their race. I can wish no better piscatorial fortune for the children of ST. NICHOLAS than a visit to Maine with father or brother, and the capture of one of these large trout. I must confess, however, that the large trout are not to be depended upon; but there are small fish always to be caught in the little lakes and brooks of the region, and there are

about trapping and the adventures of life in the woods.

If one can continue further into the North-east, better fishing can be found in New Brunswick and Quebec than in Maine, although the trout of the Provinces are sea trout, a distinction which does not seem to me important. The trout of the Adirondacks are much smaller than those of Maine or New Brunswick, and now that the Adirondack country is overrun with visitors, one must go back some distance into the woods to find good sport. South of Pennsylvania, there is trout-fishing in the mountain streams of West Virginia and North Carolina. To the west, northern Michigan tempts the angler, and still further north are the large trout of the Nepigon river which flows into Lake Superior. The States along the Mississippi Valley are sadly deficient in trout, but a great deal can be done with black bass, as Mr. Maurice Thompson has told you. Trout abound all along the Rocky Mountains. There are the lusty five-pounders of the Snake River in Idaho, the rainbow trout of California, found also, I think, in Colorado, and the dusky fish of New Mexico and Arizona.

I do not expect that many of ST. NICHOLAS'S readers will visit these remote fishing-places, but between the three corners of the continent in which I have caught trout—Quebec, Washington Territory, and Arizona—there are so many chances for trout-fishing, that very few need fail to enjoy this most delightful of outdoor sports.

The best month for fly-fishing is June, and the best weather a light southerly or southwesterly breeze and a slightly overcast sky. Morning or evening is the best time. The worst is the middle of an intensely hot, bright, still day. It is usually thought that a change in the weather makes trout more active. Very high or very low water is undesirable. Yet when all the conditions seem perfect, one may cast over a whole school of trout without inducing them to stir a fin; and on the other hand, when the weather is most unfavorable and when the fish are gorged with food, they will, sometimes,

fairly hustle one another in their eagerness to get the flies. On one hot July noon, the air and water around my boat were alive with trout for half an hour, when they stopped rising as suddenly as they had begun, without any apparent reason in one

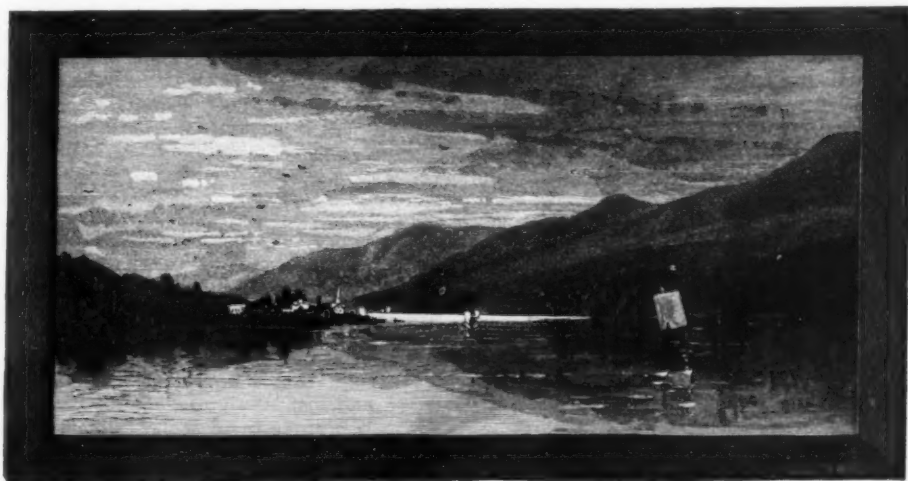


INTERIOR OF A FISHING-CAMP.

pleasant forest camps with cheerful fires blazing in great stone fireplaces. The host of one of these camps was for a long time a hunter and guide, and every winter he lectures before Boston school-boys, dressed in his hunter's garb, and tells them

case or the other. Within two forenoon hours, I once caught twenty-five pounds of trout at the mouth of a brook emptying into one of the Rangeley lakes. Early next morning, I was rowed to the same spot and found only one solitary trout. On another occasion, I landed a five-pound and a three-pound trout from a pool in a Canadian river, without unduly disturbing the water; but although

course, at the butt, but communicated along rod and line. The movement "strikes" the hook into the fish. One can not be too quick in striking, but if too much force be used, the rod may be snapped at the second joint. Yet that is not the way in which rods are most frequently broken. If you have drawn in your flies so closely that you can not readily recover them, and your rod is pointing



A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

the pool contained several other fish, including one estimated to weigh over five pounds, not another trout could be induced to look at any fly in my book. Trout are very fickle and changeable, and the ingenuity sometimes required to coax them to rise adds as much zest to the sport as the suspense and excitement of hooking and landing them.

But when the trout does rise, what do you suppose he thinks? Does he really believe that the curious creature with a barbed tail hovering over his head is a natural fly? I doubt it. The flies ordinarily used would drive an entomologist to distraction. The great scarlet and white and yellow flies which have caused so many Rangeley lake trout to come to grief are, I fancy, unlike any living insect in that region, or anywhere else. The trout sees something moving on the water, and as experience has taught him that such fluttering objects are usually good to eat, his weakness for live food tempts him to pounce upon it without stopping to reason out the matter. But when he finds that this deceitful fly is entirely tasteless, he will drop it at once, unless the fisherman is prompt in "striking." This means a quick upward movement of the tip of the rod, a motion imparted, of

nearly straight upward, even a gentle attempt to strike a small fish is likely to break a rod. Once, I was fishing with a heavy rod from a raft which was drifting across a Canadian lake. The wind was so strong that I was obliged to cast with it, and then the raft rapidly drifted down upon my flies. A trout weighing not a quarter of a pound rose when my rod was nearly perpendicular, and the flies were close before me; instinctively I struck. The reward of my carelessness was that the rod, which would have landed a ten-pound fish, was cleanly broken into two pieces. Never draw the flies so near you that you have not safe and complete control of your rod, either for the back cast or for a strike.

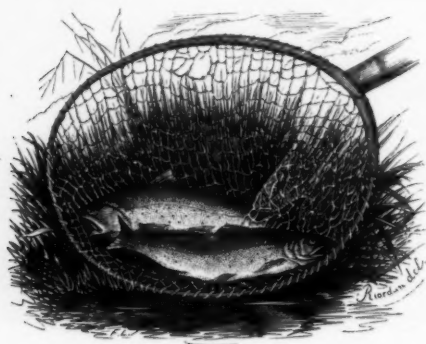
The importance of the high back cast of which I have spoken, will be especially appreciated by ST. NICHOLAS'S boys and girls, for most of their trout-fishing will probably be done upon brooks where a low back cast would involve entanglement in grass or bushes. In brook-fishing it is usually necessary to use a comparatively short line, and one must learn to make under-hand casts,—that is, with the rod down to a horizontal level on either side, instead of being upright, something easily

learned after one can cast properly over-hand. Of course my readers will see that they must keep themselves and their shadows out of the sight of the timid trout. When a fish is hooked, let him run out the reel if he is large enough, unless he makes for stumps or brush where the line may get entangled. Then as much of a strain must be brought to bear upon him as the tackle will withstand; and always reel in line when it is possible. The line should never be slack. If the trout will not rise at first, change your flies and try the old rule of looking closely at the insects which hover over the water and selecting a fly from your book that imitates those insects as nearly as possible. The best general rule is to use small dark flies in

not to be lifted out of the water with a fly-rod. Let the trout run and struggle until the strain of the rod tires him out so that he can be easily drawn within reach and lifted out with the landing-net.

So you see that in fly-fishing for trout you learn a very fascinating art, which can be practiced among the most delightful of outdoor surroundings in the pleasantest months of the year. You will learn much more than books can tell you about the habits and curious ways of a fish which the most experienced anglers have considered for hundreds of years as, next to the salmon, their most worthy game. You will learn patience, perseverance, and all manner of practical lessons on trout streams, including the tying of knots and the repairing of rods. And the sunshine, the fragrance of flowery meadows, and the cool breath of the woods will give you a health which can not be found indoors. But let me urge upon you to remember that the true sportsman is always generous in his treatment of the noble fish which he pursues. He will never catch trout out of season. He will never kill more trout than can be made use of, nor will he ever kill them by unfair means. And he will never catch tiny troutlings, too small to afford sport, lest he should exhaust the streams, but he will carefully restore to the water any trout which are not at least six inches long. ST. NICHOLAS'S fly-fishers who meet the gallant trout on fair and even terms will surely give the beautiful fish honorable treatment.

And when you go a-fishing, bearing these words in mind, may you be rewarded by baskets well filled with trout of noble size.



bright, clear water, and larger bright flies in dark or turbid water. I need hardly say that fish are

DAISY-SONG.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

I AM only a plain little daisy-flower,
Sprung up at hap-hazard 'neath sunshine and
shower,
To live out as I may my life's poor little hour,
Yet who is so happy as I?

Oh, the days they burn hot, and the nights they
blow cold,
And the shadows and rains,—true they fall,
manifold;
But my dress is all white, and my heart is pure
gold,

And who is so happy as I?

There's many a gladsomer meadow than mine,
Where greener trees shelter and softer suns shine
For others than me; but how can I repine,
For who is so happy as I?

There's a brook I can't see by that far-away beech,
And a bird that wont whistle, for all I beseech,
And stars are up yonder, quite out of my reach,
But who is so happy as I?

I just look up at Fate with my brave little face,
I stir from my post in no possible case,
And I keep my dress clean, my gold heart in
its place,

And who is so happy as I?

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[An Historical Biography.]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT VALLEY FORGE.

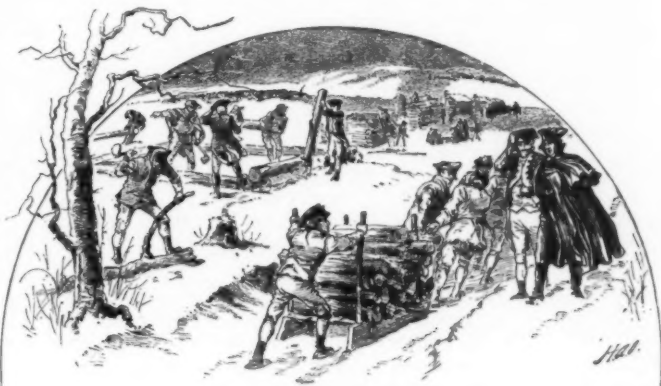
THE winter of 1777 passed with little fighting; and when the spring opened, Washington used his army so adroitly as to prevent the British from moving on Philadelphia, and finally crowded them out of New Jersey altogether. That summer, however, was an anxious one, for there was great uncertainty as to the plans of the enemy; and when at last a formidable British army appeared in the Chesapeake, whither it had been transported by sea, Washington hurried his forces to meet it, and fought the battle of Brandywine, in which he met with a severe loss. He retrieved his fortune in part by a brilliant attack on the enemy at Germantown, and then retired to Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania, where he went into winter quarters; while the British army was comfortably established in Philadelphia.

The defeat of Burgoyne by Gates, at Saratoga, in the summer and Washington's splendid attack at Germantown had made a profound impression in Europe, and are counted as having turned the scale in favor of an alliance with the United States on the part of France. But when the winter shut down on the American army, no such good cheer encouraged it. That winter of 1778 was the most terrible ordeal which the army endured, and one has but to read of the sufferings of the soldiers to learn at how great a cost independence was bought. It is worth while to tell again the familiar story, because the leader of the army himself shared the want and privation of the men. To read of Valley Forge is to read of Washington.

The place was chosen for winter quarters because of its position. It was equally distant with Philadelphia from the Brandywine and from the

ferry across the Delaware into New Jersey. It was too far from Philadelphia to be in peril from attack, and yet it was so near that the American army could, if opportunity offered, descend quickly on the city. Then it was so protected by hills and streams that the addition of a few lines of fortification made it very secure.

But there was no town at Valley Forge, and it became necessary to provide some shelter for the soldiers other than the canvas tents which served in the field in summer. It was the middle of December when the army began preparations for the winter, and Washington gave directions for the building of the little village. The men were divided into parties of twelve, each party to build a hut to accommodate that number; and in order to stimulate the men, Washington promised a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which finished its hut first and most satisfactorily. And as there was some difficulty in getting boards, he offered a hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who should invent some substitute which would be as cheap as boards and as quickly provided.



BUILDING THE HUTS AT VALLEY FORGE.

Each hut was to be fourteen feet by sixteen, the sides, ends, and roof to be made of logs, and the sides made tight with clay. There was to be a fireplace in the rear of each hut, built of wood, but lined with clay eighteen inches thick. The walls were to be six and a half feet high. Huts

were also to be provided for the officers, and to be placed in the rear of those occupied by the troops. All these were to be regularly arranged in streets. A visitor to the camp when the huts were being built, wrote of the army; "They appear to me like a family of beavers, every one busy; some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together." It was bitterly cold, and for a month the men were at work, making ready for the winter.

But in what sort of condition were the men themselves when they began this work? Here is a picture of one of those men on his way to Valley Forge: "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." And the snow was falling! This was one of the privates. The officers were scarcely better off. One was wrapped "in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover." The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty; a few only had bayonets; the soldiers carried their powder in tin boxes and cow-horns.

To explain why this army was so poor and forlorn, would be to tell a long story. It may be summed up briefly in these words—the army was not taken care of because there was no country to take care of it. There were thirteen States, and each of these States sent troops into the field, but all the States were jealous of one another. There was a Congress, which undertook to direct the war, but all the members of Congress, coming from the several States, were jealous of one another. They were agreed on only one thing—that it was not prudent to give the army too much power. It is true that they had once given Washington large authority, but they had given it only for a short period. They were very much afraid that somehow the army would rule the country; and yet they were trying to free the country from the rule of England. But when they talked about freeing the country, each man thought only of his own State. The first fervor with which they had talked about a common country had died away; there were some very selfish men in Congress, who could not be patriotic enough to think of the whole country.

The truth is, it takes a long time for the people of a country to come to feel that they have a country. Up to the time of the war for independence, the people in America did not care much for one another or for America. They had really been preparing to be a nation, but they did not know it.

They were angry with Great Britain, and they knew they had been wronged. They were therefore ready to fight; but it does not require so much courage to fight as to endure suffering and to be patient.

So it was that the people of America who were most conscious that they were Americans were the men who were in the army, and their wives and mothers and sisters at home. All these were making sacrifices for their country and so learning to love it. The men in the army came from different States, and there was a great deal of State feeling among them; but, after all, they belonged to one army, the continental army, and they had much more in common than they had separately. Especially they had a great leader who made no distinction between Virginians and New England men. Washington felt keenly all the lack of confidence which Congress showed. He saw that the spirit in Congress was one which kept the people divided, while the spirit at Valley Forge kept the people united, and he wrote reproachfully to Congress:

"If we would pursue a right system of policy, in my opinion, . . . we should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest; acting on the same principle, and to the same end. The distinction, the jealousies set up, or perhaps only incautiously let out, can answer not a single good purpose. . . . No order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth it may be said, that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men, without clothes to cover them, without blankets to lie on, without shoes (for the want of which their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet), and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter quarters within a day's march of the enemy, without a house or hut to cover them, till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience, which, in my opinion, can scarce be paralleled."

The horses died of starvation, and the men harnessed themselves to trucks and sleds, hauling wood and provisions from storehouse to hut. At one time there was not a ration in camp. Washington seized the peril with a strong hand and compelled the people in the country about, who had been selling to the British army at Philadelphia, to give up their stores to the patriots at Valley Forge.

Meanwhile, the wives of the officers came to the camp, and these brave women gave of their cheer to its dreary life. Mrs. Washington was there with her husband. "The General's apartment is very small," she wrote to a friend; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

The officers and their wives came together and

told stories, perhaps over a plate of hickory nuts, which, we are informed, furnished General Washington's dessert. The General was cheerful in the little society; but his one thought was how to keep the brave company of men alive and prepare them for what lay before them. The house where he had his quarters was a farmhouse belonging to a quaker, Mr. Potts, who has said that one day when strolling up the creek, away from the camp, he heard a deep, quiet voice a little way off. He went nearer, and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. Hard by, in the thicket, was Washington on his knees, praying earnestly.

company of one hundred and twenty men, whom he drilled thoroughly; these became the models for others, and so the whole camp was turned into a military school.

The prospect grew brighter and brighter, until on the 4th of May, late at night, a messenger rode into camp with dispatches from Congress. Washington opened them, and his heart must have leaped for joy as he read that an alliance had been formed between France and the United States. Two days later, the army celebrated the event. The chaplains of the several regiments read the intelligence and then offered up thanksgiving to



AT VALLEY FORGE.

At the end of February, light began to break. The terrible winter was passing away, though the army was still in wretched state. But there came to camp, a volunteer, Baron Steuben, who had been trained in the best armies of Europe. In him Washington had, what he greatly needed, an excellent drill-master. He made him Inspector of the army, and soon, as if by magic, the men changed from slouching, careless fellows into erect, orderly soldiers. The Baron began with a picked

God. Guns were fired, and there was a public dinner in honor of Washington and his generals. There had been shouts for the King of France and for the American States; but when Washington took his leave, "there was," says an officer who was present, universal applause, "with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaed several times."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONWAY CABAL.

THERE is no man so high but some will always be found who wish to pull him down. Washington was no exception to this rule. His men worshiped him; the people had confidence in him; the officers nearest to him, and especially those who formed a part of his military family, were warmly attached to him; but in Congress there were men who violently opposed him, and there were certain generals who not only envied him but were ready to seize any opportunity which might offer to belittle him and to place one of their own number in his place. The chief men who were engaged in this business were Generals Conway, Mifflin, and Gates, and from the prominent position taken in the affair by the first-named officer, the intrigue against Washington goes by the name of the Conway Cabal. A "cabal" is a secret combination against a person with the object of his hurt or injury.

It is not easy to say just how or when this cabal first showed itself. Conway was a young brigadier-general, very conceited and impudent. Mifflin had been Quartermaster-general, but had resigned. He had been early in the service and was in Cambridge with Washington, but had long been secretly hostile to him. Gates, who had been Washington's companion in Virginia, was an ambitious man who never lost an opportunity of looking after his own interest, and had been especially fortunate in being appointed to the command of the northern army just as it achieved the famous victory over Burgoyne.

The defeat at Brandywine, the failure to make Germantown a great success, and the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, while the American army was suffering at Valley Forge—all this seemed to many a sorry story compared with the brilliant victory at Saratoga. There had always been those who thought Washington slow and cautious. John Adams was one of these, and he expressed himself as heartily glad "that the glory of turning the tide of arms was not immediately due to the commander-in-chief." Others shook their heads and said that the people of America had been guilty of idolatry by making a man their god; and that, besides, the army would become dangerous to the liberties of the people if it were allowed to be so influenced by one man.

Conway was the foremost of these critics. "No man was more a gentleman than General Washington, or appeared to more advantage at his table, or in the usual intercourse of life," he would say; then he would give his shoulders a shrug,

and look around and add, "but as to his talents for the command of an army, they were miserable indeed."

"Gates was the general!" Conway said. "There was a man who could fight, and win victories!"

Gates himself was in a mood to believe it. He had been so intoxicated by his success against Burgoyne that he thought himself the man of the day, and quite forgot to send a report of the action to his commander-in-chief. Washington rebuked him in a letter which was severe in its quiet tone. He congratulated Gates on his great success, and added, "At the same time, I can not but regret that a matter of such magnitude, and so interesting to our general operations, should have reached me by report only; or through the channel of letters not bearing that authenticity which the importance of it required, and which it would have received by a line over your signature stating the simple fact."

Gates may have winced under the rebuke, but he was then listening to Conway's flattery, and that was more agreeable to him. Conway, on his part, found Gates a convenient man to set up as a rival to Washington. He himself did not aspire to be commander-in-chief, though he would have had no doubt as to his capacity. Washington knew him well. "His merit as an officer," wrote the Commander-in-chief, "and his importance in this army exist more in his own imagination than in reality. For it is a maxim with him to leave no service of his own untold, nor to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity." Conway thought Gates was the rising man, and he meant to rise with him. He filled his ear with things which he thought would please him, and among other letters wrote him one in which these words occurred: "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it."

Now Gates was foolish enough to show this letter to Wilkinson, one of his aids, and Wilkinson repeated it to an aid of Lord Stirling, one of Washington's generals, and Lord Stirling at once sat down and wrote it off to Washington. Thereupon Washington, who knew Conway too well to waste any words upon him, sat down and wrote him this letter:

"SIR,—A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:

"In a letter from General Conway to General Gates he says: Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it."

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

That was all, but it was quite enough to throw Conway and Gates and Mifflin into a panic. How did Washington get hold of the sentence? Had

he seen any other letters? How much did he know? In point of fact, that was all that Washington had seen. He had a contempt for Conway. He knew of Mifflin's hostility and that Gates was now cool to him; but he did not suspect Gates of any intrigue, and he supposed for a while that Wilkinson's message had been intended only to warn him of Conway's evil mind.

Gates was greatly perplexed to know what to do, but he finally wrote to Washington as if there were some wretch who had been stealing letters and might be discovering the secrets of the American leaders. He begged Washington to help him find the rascal. Washington replied, giving him the exact manner in which the letter came into his hands, and then closed with a few sentences that showed Gates clearly that he had lost the confidence of his commander-in-chief.

That particular occasion passed, but presently the cabal showed its head again, this time working through Congress. It secured the appointment of a Board of War, with Gates at the head, and a majority of the members from men who were hostile to Washington. Now, they thought, Washington will resign, and to help matters on they spread the report that Washington was about to resign. The general checkmated them at once by a letter to a friend, in which he wrote:

"To report a design of this kind is among the arts which those who are endeavoring to effect a change, are practicing to bring it to pass. . . . While the public are satisfied with my endeavors, I mean not to shrink from the cause. But the moment her voice, *not that of faction*, calls upon me to resign, I shall do it with as much pleasure as ever the wearied traveler retired to rest."

The cabal was not yet defeated. It had failed by roundabout methods. It looked about in Congress and counted the disaffected to see if it would be possible to get a majority vote in favor of a motion to arrest the commander-in-chief. So at least the story runs which, from its nature, would not be found in any record, but was whispered from one man to another. The day came when the motion was to be tried; the conspiracy leaked out, and Washington's friends bestirred themselves. They needed one more vote. They sent post-haste for one of their number, Gouverneur Morris, who was absent in camp; but they feared they could not get him in time. In their extremity, they went to William Duer, a member from New York, who was dangerously ill. Duer sent for his doctor.

"Doctor," he asked, "can I be carried to Congress?"

"Yes, but at the risk of your life," replied the physician.

"Do you mean that I should expire before reaching the place?" earnestly inquired the patient.

"No," came the answer; "but I would not answer for your leaving it alive."

"Very well, sir. You have done your duty and I will do mine!" exclaimed Duer. "Prepare a litter for me; if you will not, somebody else will, but I prefer your aid."

The demand was in earnest, and Duer had already started when it was announced that Morris had returned and that he would not be needed. Morris had come direct from the camp with the latest news of what was going on there. His vote would make it impossible for the enemies of Washington to carry their point; their opportunity was lost, and they never recovered it.

It was not the end of the cabal, however. They still cherished their hostility to Washington, and they sought to injure him where he would feel the wound most keenly. They tried to win from him the young Marquis de La Fayette, who had come from France to join the American army, and whom Washington had taken to his heart. La Fayette was ambitious and enthusiastic. Conway, who had been in France, did his best to attach himself to the young Frenchman, but he betrayed his hatred of Washington, and that was enough to estrange La Fayette. Then a winter campaign in Canada was planned, and the cabal intrigued to have La Fayette appointed to command it. It was argued that as a Frenchman he would have an influence over the French Canadians. But the plotters hoped that, away from Washington, the young marquis could be more easily worked upon, and it was intended that Conway should be his second in command.

Of course, in contriving this plan, Washington was not consulted; but the moment La Fayette was approached, he appealed to Washington for advice. Washington saw through the device, but he at once said, "I would rather it should be you than another." La Fayette insisted on Kalb being second in command instead of Conway, whom he disliked and distrusted. Congress was in session at York, and thither La Fayette went to receive his orders. Gates, who spent much of his time in the neighborhood of Congress, seeking to influence the members, was there, and La Fayette was at once invited to join him and his friends at dinner. The talk ran freely, and great things were promised of the Canada expedition, but not a word was said about Washington. La Fayette listened and noticed. He thought of the contrast between the meager fare and the sacrifices at Valley Forge, and this feast at which he was a guest. He watched his opportunity, and near the end of the dinner, he said:

"I have a toast to propose. There is one health, gentlemen, which we have not yet drunk. I have the honor to propose it to you: The Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States!"

It was a challenge which no one dared openly

to take up, but there was an end to the good spirits of the company. La Fayette had shown his colors, and he was let alone after that. Indeed, the Canada expedition never was undertaken, for the men who were urging it were not in earnest about anything but diminishing the honor of Washington. It is the nature of cabals and intrigues that they flourish in the dark. They can not bear the light. As soon as these hostile intentions began to reach the ears of the public, great was the indignation aroused, and one after another of the conspirators made haste to disown any evil purpose. Gates and Mifflin each publicly avowed their entire confidence in Washington, and Conway, who had fought a duel and supposed himself to be dying, made a humble apology. The cabal melted away, leaving Washington more secure than ever in the confidence of men—all the more secure that he did not lower himself by attempting the same arts against his traducers. When Conway was uttering his libels behind his back, Washington was openly declaring his judgment of Conway; and throughout the whole affair, Washington kept his hands clean, and went his way with a manly disregard of his enemies.

CHAPTER XIX.

MONMOUTH.

THE news of the French alliance, and consequent war between France and England, compelled the English to leave Philadelphia. They had taken their ease there during the winter, while hardships and Steuben's drilling and Washington's unflagging zeal had made the American army at Valley Forge strong and determined. A French fleet might at any time sail up the Delaware, and with the American army in the rear, Philadelphia would be a hard place to hold. So General Howe turned his command over to General Clinton, and went home to England, and General Clinton set about marching his army across New Jersey to New York.

The moment the troops left Philadelphia, armed men sprang up all over New Jersey to contest their passage, and Washington set his army in motion, following close upon the heels of the enemy, who were making for Staten Island. There was a question whether they should attack the British and bring on a general engagement, or only follow them and vex them. The generals on whom Washington most relied, Greene, La Fayette, and Wayne, all good fighters, urged that it would be a shame to let the enemy leave New Jersey without a severe punishment. The majority of generals in the council, however, strongly opposed

the plan of giving battle. They said that the French alliance would undoubtedly put an end to the war at once. Why, then, risk life and success? The British army, moreover, was strong and well equipped.

The most strenuous opponent of the fighting plan was General Charles Lee. When he was left in command of a body of troops at the time of Washington's crossing the Hudson river more than a year before, his orders were to hold himself in readiness to join Washington at any time. In his march across New Jersey, Washington had repeatedly sent for Lee, but Lee had delayed in an unaccountable manner, and finally was himself surprised by a company of dragoons, and taken captive. For a year he had been held a prisoner, and only lately had been released on exchange. He had returned to the army while the cabal against Washington was going on, and had taken part in it, for he always felt that he ought to be first and Washington second. He was second in command now, and his opinion had great weight. He was a trained soldier, and besides, in his long captivity he had become well acquainted with General Clinton, and he professed to know well the condition and temper of the British officers.

Washington thus found himself unsupported by a majority of his officers. But he had no doubt in his own mind that the policy of attack was a sound one. All had agreed that it was well to harass the enemy; he therefore ordered La Fayette with a large division to fall upon the enemy at an exposed point. He thought it not unlikely that this would bring on a general action, and he disposed his forces so as to be ready for such an emergency. He gave the command to La Fayette, because Lee had disapproved the plan; but after La Fayette had set out, Lee came to Washington and declared that La Fayette's division was so large as to make it almost an independent army, and that therefore he would like to change his mind and take command. It never would do to have his junior in such authority.

Here was a dilemma. Washington could not recall La Fayette. He wished to make use of Lee; so he gave Lee two additional brigades, sent him forward to join La Fayette, when, as his senior, he would of course command the entire force; and at the same time he notified La Fayette of what he had done, trusting to his sincere devotion to the cause in such an emergency.

When Clinton found that a large force was close upon him, he took up his position at Monmouth Court House, now Freehold, New Jersey and prepared to meet the Americans. Washington knew Clinton's movements and sent word to Lee at once to attack the British, unless there should be very

powerful reasons to the contrary; adding that he himself was bringing up the rest of the army. Lee had joined La Fayette and was now in command of the advance. La Fayette was eager to move upon the enemy.

"You do not know British soldiers," said Lee; "we can not stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious."

"Perhaps so," said La Fayette. "But we have beaten British soldiers, and we can do it again."

Soon after, one of Washington's aids appeared for intelligence, and La Fayette, in despair at Lee's

dashed forward. After him flew the officers who had been riding by his side, but they could not overtake him. His horse, covered with foam, shot down the road over a bridge and up the hill beyond. The retreating column saw him come. The men knew him; they stopped; they made way for the splendid-looking man, as he, their leader, rode headlong into the midst of them. Lee was there, ordering the retreat, and Washington drew his rein as he came upon him. A moment of terrible silence—then Washington burst out, his eyes flashing:

"What, sir, is the meaning of this?"



WASHINGTON REBUKING LEE, AT MONMOUTH.

inaction, sent the messenger to urge Washington to come at once to the front; that he was needed. Washington was already on the way, before the messenger reached him, when he was met by a little fifer boy, who cried out:

"They are all coming this way, your honor."

"Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox, who was riding by Washington.

"Why, our boys, your honor, our boys, and the British right after them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Washington, and he galloped to a hill just ahead. To his amazement and dismay, he saw his men retreating. He lost not an instant, but, putting spurs to his horse,

"Sir, sir," stammered Lee.

"I desire to know, sir, the meaning of this disorder and confusion?"

Lee, enraged now by Washington's towering passion, made an angry reply. He declared that the whole affair was against his opinion.

"You are a poltroon!" flashed back Washington, with an oath. "Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders to be obeyed."

"These men can not face the British grenadiers," answered Lee.

"They can do it, and they shall!" exclaimed Washington, galloping off to survey the ground. Presently he came back; his wrath had gone down

in the presence of the peril to the army. He would waste no strength in cursing Lee.

"Will you retain the command here, or shall I?" he asked. "If you will, I will return to the main body and have it formed on the next height."

"It is equal to me where I command," said Lee, sullenly.

"Then remain here," said Washington. "I expect you to take proper means for checking the enemy."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, and I shall not be the first to leave the ground," replied Lee, with spirit.

The rest of the day the battle raged, and when night came the enemy had been obliged to fall back, and Washington determined to follow up his success in the morning. He directed all the troops to lie on their arms where they were. He himself lay stretched on the ground beneath a tree, his cloak wrapped about him. About midnight, an officer came near with a message, but hesitated, reluctant to waken him.

"Advance, sir, and deliver your message," Washington called out; "I lie here to think, and not to sleep."

In the morning, Washington prepared to renew the attack, but the British had slipped away under cover of the darkness, not willing to venture another battle.

Pursuit, except by some cavalry, was unavailing. The men were exhausted. The sun beat down

fiercely, and the hot sand made walking difficult. Moreover, the British fleet lay off Sandy Hook, and an advance in that direction would lead the army nearer to the enemy's re-enforcements. Accordingly Washington marched his army to Brunswick and thence to the Hudson river, crossed it, and encamped again near White Plains.

After the battle of Monmouth, Lee wrote an angry letter to Washington and received a cool one in reply. Lee demanded a court-martial, and Washington at once ordered it. Three charges were made, and Lee was convicted of disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions; misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary and disorderly retreat; and disrespect to the Commander-in-chief. He was suspended from the army for a year, and he never returned to it. Long after his death, facts were brought to light which make it seem more than probable that General Lee was so eaten up by vanity, by jealousy of Washington, and by a love of his profession above a love of his country, that he was a traitor at heart, and that instead of being ready to sacrifice himself for his country, he was ready to sacrifice the country to his own willful ambition and pride.

But his disgrace was the end of all opposition to Washington. From that time there was no question as to who was at the head of the army and the people.

(To be continued.)



FRESH FROM A DIP IN THE BREAKERS.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

THE flowers are fringing the swift meadow
 brooks,
 The songsters are nesting in shadowy nooks;
 The birds and the blossoms are thronging to
 meet us,
 With loveliness, perfume, and music they greet
 us,—

For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The bobolink tilts on the tall, nodding clover,
 And sings his gay song to us over and over;
 The wild roses beckon, with deepening blushes,
 And sweet, from the wood, sounds the warble of
 thrushes,—

For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The white lilies sway with the breeze of the morning,
 In raiment more fair than a monarch's adorning;

The bright-throated humming-bird, marvel of
 fleetness,
 Comes questing for honey-blooms, draining their
 sweetness,—

For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

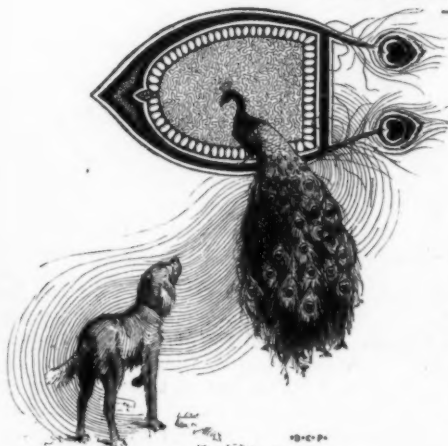
High up in the elm is the oriole courting,
 A new suit of velvet and gold he is sporting;
 With gay bits of caroling, tuneful and mellow,
 He woos his fair lady-love, clad in plain yellow,—
 For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The blossoms and birds bring us, yearly, sweet
 token

That Nature's glad promises never are broken.
 Then sing, happy birdlings, nor ever grow weary!
 Laugh on, merry children, 't is time to be cheery! —
 For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

THE LAST CRUISE OF "THE SLUG."

BY THOMAS EDWIN TURNER.



CÆSAR AND THE PEACOCK. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

LIFFORD and Jack went down from Brooklyn last summer to spend a few weeks with Clifford's aunt, in the cozy old homestead on the Shrewsbury River. Yachting was to be their chief enjoyment. To be sure, they were not practical yachtsmen; but Jack said he "had read up the subject," and Cliff "had been out in a yacht once or twice," so they had no fears.

Clifford and Jack were second cousins, and great friends; but Jack had been in the habit of spending his summers at Saratoga, and accordingly he looked forward to his present trip with the feeling of an adventurous explorer of unknown regions. And in order to be prepared for every emergency, he brought an "outfit" that filled a strong trunk, two valises, a shawl-strap, and a number of queerly-shaped packages.

Clifford, who for several years had spent a part of each summer at his aunt's, carried a handbag. When Jack asked him where the rest of his things were, Clifford, with a glance at his cousin's paraphernalia, answered that he preferred to keep his "outfit" at his aunt's. He was not likely to need it elsewhere, and he saved expense for extra baggage.

But Cæsar was Jack's chief reliance and most weighty responsibility. Cæsar was a dog;—according to Jack, a setter-dog. And as Clifford was unable to state what was the dog's breed, if it were not a setter, Jack felt that he had established his point. Moreover, when Cæsar, upon their arrival at Mud Flat, immediately celebrated the occasion by slaughtering eight out of a brood of eleven Cochin China chicks that were great pets of their hostess, Jack claimed that his pet's success as a game dog was assured beyond cavil. Jack was somewhat discouraged on learning that the principal "game"

ing the rest of the boys' visit, was to chase the gorgeous bird of Juno into the branches of a pear-tree, and stand below and bark.

Though this was severe on the nervous organism of the peacock, it seemed to afford unlimited satisfaction to Cæsar, and it kept him out of so much other possible mischief, that he was rarely interfered with on these occasions.

As soon as Jack could have his luggage taken to the house and put in the room the boys were to occupy, he hastened to unpack his outfit before the wondering eyes of Clifford. A handsome double-



JACK EXHIBITS HIS "OUTFIT."

in that vicinity was the sideling "shedder," or crab, and he acknowledged that in the pursuit of such plunder he feared even Cæsar was not ambitious. But nothing ever discouraged Cæsar, and he had more fun with Miss Goodmaid's favorite peacock than all the game in New Jersey would have afforded him; as subsequent events developed the fact that he was mortally afraid of a gun. This is not strange, considering that he had spent the previous eight months of his short life in a stable on Henry street, in Brooklyn. Indeed, his principal amusement dur-

barreled shot-gun, Clifford suggested, might be used in trying to kill his aunt's three remaining chickens; a delicate split-bamboo fishing-rod might come in well for catching live bait, if they were not in a hurry; and an extensive collection of artificial flies would perhaps serve to frighten away the mosquitoes. A large horse-pistol Cliff thought would be "just the thing for picking off bull-frogs in the marshes"; but he was forced to tell his cousin that he feared his shooting-coat, his fine yachting suit, his knickerbockers for mountain

climbing, and his tennis flannels, would scarcely be needed in that vicinity.

Poor Jack looked ruefully at his expensive "outfit," which Clifford seemed to prize so little, and then he asked his cousin to tell him what specialties of costume and accouterments were best fitted to the Shrewsbury region. Without answering in words, Clifford simply pointed to a closet, through the open door of which could be seen, hanging from hooks, a broad-brimmed straw hat, a blue flannel shirt, a stout pair of trousers, and a lanyard. A large jack-knife lay upon the shelf, and a substantial pair of high shoes stood firmly on the floor.

Little more was said concerning the subject that evening, but Jack went to bed in a very sober frame of mind. In the morning, he put all his fancy toggery back into his trunk, selecting only such useful garments as Clifford suggested, and took an early opportunity of purchasing a hat which was an exact counterpart of the one worn by his cousin.

Indeed, it was dangerous to mention the word "outfit" in Jack's hearing for a long time.

Clifford's aunt, Miss Goodmaid, was asked to tell them where they could hire a sail-boat for their proposed trip; she had heard that Johnny Peltsman, the carriage-maker's son, in Mud Flat, had such a boat, and to him the boys went to "negotiate."

Johnny Peltsman *did* have a boat, which he said he would let, if he "could get his price." The Slug, he admitted, looked a trifle heavy, and, while under "proper conditions" she would go fast, Johnny confessed that she could not sail very close to the wind. Upon payment of five dollars, he said, the boys might have the boat for two weeks.

"Done!" cried Jack, eagerly. "I dare say she will suit us perfectly. Some people may like boats that sail close to the wind. But a boat to suit me must be able to slide away from the wind, and not stay crawling around close to it!"

Clifford's face was a study as his partner thus aired his nautical opinions, while Johnny Peltsman greeted the remark with open-mouthed astonishment; and when Jack concluded his observations, Johnny said earnestly:

"By the way, young friend, it is understood, of course, that if you sink or wreck the Slug, you must pay damages."

"Certainly, if we lose the yacht, you shall be paid for it," Jack answered, feeling rather indignant at the suggestion.

Being directed to the place where the Slug lay, the boys hastened away to take immediate possession. Johnny stood looking after them



THE BOYS ENGAGE THE "SLUG."

until they were out of sight. Then turning to enter his shop, he soliloquized:

"Well, that beats all! The idea of hiring a boat without seeing it, and not caring to have it to sail close to the wind! I suppose, of course, those chaps can swim." And with an ominous shake of the head, Johnny resumed his carriage-making.

Our heroes found their prize lying in a little cove just above the bridge. The Slug was a flat-bottomed center-board boat, fifteen feet long, five feet across the stern, and narrowing gradually to a point at the bows. A more clumsy sail-boat was never seen. But Jack only noticed the two large lockers, and with unbounded satisfaction, remarked to his cousin:

"We can stow away a big stock of provisions in those boxes, Cliff."

It was Friday, so the two boys decided to give the "yacht" a short trial-trip down to the Highlands and back. In that way they would become familiar with the boat, and on Monday morning would be ready to start on a week's cruise. It chanced that a flood-tide was just beginning when the lads shoved

the Slug well out into the river, while the wind was blowing a brisk gale straight down-stream, the very direction in which the boys wished to go. Clifford was enough of a sailor to step the little mast and properly set the leg-of-mutton sail for a breeze directly astern. With a strong wind behind her, and only a weak tide opposing, it was not surprising that the Slug made a progress quite satisfactory to the two amateur yachtsmen. As the tide increased in force, however, the boat went slower and slower, and it was six o'clock when the Highlands "hove in sight," as Jack said—having learned that and other nautical terms from his story-books. On finding how late it was, Clifford remarked:

"We'd better be making for home."

The boys managed to put the Slug about, and very soon Jack ascertained that there were times when it was an advantage to have a boat able to sail close to the wind; for, as the breeze still blew down-stream, Clifford found it simply impossible to beat up the river in the Slug. The truth was, the only "proper conditions" under which Johnny Peltsman's boat would sail at all were those of going straight before the wind!

Clifford threw a hurried glance shoreward, looked down at the water, and immediately pulled his oar into the boat, saying:

"The fates are against us, Jack. In spite of our pulling and tugging, we are actually drifting down-stream. The tide has turned; it's dead against us, and so is the wind. It would take a Cunarder to tow this miserable scow back to Mud Flat, now."

"What's to be done?" asked Jack, suddenly realizing that they might be swept out into the bay, where the whitecaps gave evidence that a very high sea would be encountered.

"Neither of us can swim very far," said Clifford. "Our only chance is to land on that little island, yonder. Luckily we're drifting straight toward it."

Favored by the current, the boat was carried close to the sand-bar of the island, and by a vigorous use of the oars they were able to bring their craft safely to land.

"We'll have to stay here until slack water," said Clifford, "and then perhaps we can row across to the shore. The next slack will be about midnight, so we'd better camp here and take advantage of to-morrow morning's slack. Then we can



"HOW CAN YOU SLEEP?" ASKED CLIFFORD."

Clifford told Jack that they must "row the old tub back to Mud Flat," and both boys pluckily bent to the work. It was hard work, too. The oars were long and heavy, the boat was as unwieldy as a raft of logs, and at length Jack exclaimed:

"It seems to me, Cliff, that the scenery along this river is very monotonous. We passed just such banks and houses as those over there, ten minutes ago."

cross to the Highlands Landing, a short distance below here, and go back by steamboat. The Sea-bird will tow the Slug home for us."

"All right; I'll stand by you," laconically answered Jack.

They at once set about gathering grass and sea-weed with which to make a bed, intending to use the Slug's sail for a covering. After a couch had been arranged to their satisfaction, the two

friends strolled around their domain, which they found to be a little larger than a city lot. During their walk, the boys caught four or five soft-shell crabs, which the epicurean Jack prudently stowed away in one of the lockers.

The mosquitoes had troubled the lads greatly from the moment they landed on the sand-island; and, as they had no matches and could not make a "smudge," they soon decided to "turn in" as Jack technically stated. But then the vicious

until daybreak in battle with his small but ferocious enemies.

At sunrise, the castaways refreshed themselves with a prolonged bath; and then, hungry as bears, they impatiently waited for slack water, when they sprang into the Slug, and by long and hard work, at last reached the mainland not far above the Highlands.

An investigation of their finances showed the boys that they had, together, exactly sixty-five cents.



"THE TWO HUNGRY LADS WERE SOON DISPATCHING THEIR BREAKFAST."

insects attacked their victims in clouds, until the boys were forced to cover their heads and hands completely with the sail; and in that uncomfortable condition they finally fell asleep.

It seemed but a short time to Clifford before he became conscious of a stinging, smarting sensation on his face that was almost unbearable, and he awoke to find that he was literally covered with swarms of the poisonous little pests, while Jack, snugly rolled up in the sailcloth of which he had taken complete possession in his sleep, snored loudly.

Slapping, brushing, and shaking off his tormentors, Clifford punched his companion and exclaimed:

"How can you sleep through this?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Jack, in smothered tones.

"Well, I'm not!" growled Clifford, as he sprang to his feet and proceeded to spend the few hours

With that sum, therefore, they had to provide a breakfast, pay steamboat fares home, and meet unknown incidental expenses. A little shop was soon found where coffee, butter, and a roll would be furnished to each boy for thirty cents. Their fares home would amount to twenty cents; and the boys decided to take the chance that fifteen cents would prove adequate to the unforeseen. Remembering the soft-shell crabs in the locker, Clifford induced the good-natured landlady to cook them "without extra charge;" and soon the two hungry lads were dispatching their thirty-cent breakfast, which included fried potatoes, also "donated" by the kind-hearted hostess.

At ten o'clock on that eventful Saturday morning, the young navigators re-embarked and dropped down with the tide to the steamboat landing at the Highlands.

The boys soon saw the Seabird plowing her way to the landing. When she had landed, the

Slug was quickly made fast to the stern of the larger boat, and ere long the steamer was bearing them homeward.

Seated well forward on the upper deck, the boys were congratulating themselves on being at last free from all anxiety, when suddenly they were startled by loud cries from the stern of the steam-boat:

"Hi! Hi! You lads who own the little boat astern! Hurry! quick! quick! She's sinking! she's sinking!"

Running to the spot whence came those warning shouts; Clifford and Jack looked down at the Slug and saw that the small center-board had been thrown entirely out of its trunk by the force of the water which had been churned to a white foam under the huge paddle-wheels of the Seabird,—and a broad stream pouring through this opening into their "yacht" threatened each moment to swamp it.

"Bother that yacht! She's going to haunt us all our lives!" cried Jack, in dismay; but Clifford, taking in the state of affairs at a glance, ran to the lower deck, and with one stroke of his pocket-knife cut the Slug's painter, and then the two boys silently and sadly watched their boat drop far behind in the fan-shaped wake of the larger vessel.

"She may be picked up by some one along-shore, but, more likely, she'll go to the bottom," thoughtfully remarked Clifford.

"I don't believe it," said Jack; "that yacht will never sink! She will be turning up against us all through life, bringing trouble and disgrace."

In due time, the boys arrived at the Goodmaid homestead, where they received a warm welcome from Clifford's aunt, who had almost begun to fear that her young guests were at the bottom of the Shrewsbury.

On Monday morning, bright and early, the two boys started down the left bank of the river to find their boat. They found it after an hour's walk. It had been hauled out upon the beach. The Slug had been sighted and recovered by a farmer living alongshore. After paying two dollars as salvage, Jack asked the farmer concerning the best way of getting the boat home.

"There are three ways," answered the man, thoughtfully. "The first is to wait till there's a hurricane blowing straight up the river, when perhaps you can sail up. The second is to hire me to row her up. And the third is to let me put the boat on my lumber wagon, and haul it up to Mud Flat."

"Of the three, which would be best?" persisted Jack.

"Well," replied the farmer, "you may have to

wait weeks for the hurricane; I will haul the boat for two dollars; and I will undertake to row it up the river—(though, understand, I don't say how long I shall be about it)—but row her up I will, somehow, and charge you only two hundred and fifty dollars for the job. And that's very cheap, I can tell you, for I know that boat!"

It is hardly necessary to say that the boys decided that the Slug should go home on wheels, provided they might ride, too, without increase of pay. By the use of rollers, an inclined plane and levers, the boat was safely hoisted upon the wagon. The farmer occupied the bow, and Jack and Cliff each sat on a thwart.

And now, for the first time in her history, the Slug was under complete control. The whip cracked, the horses strained at their collars, the wheels rolled, and away went Jack's "yacht," trundling homeward. The road led past the Goodmaid farm, and over the long bridge crossing the Shrewsbury. As they neared the farm, the boys raised a shout, and Caesar, Jack's mongrel and mischievous dog, leaving the peacock for a moment, came bounding out to meet them.

True to his nature, he at once began a series of noisy gambols about the farmer's young and high-spirited horses. But soon wearying of that harmless jumping at the wagon, the dog suddenly ran under the forward wheels, and sprang at the long fetlocks of the "near" horse.

Like a flash, the team made a wild plunge, and dashed down the road. The wagon was jerked from beneath the Slug, and the boat and its passengers fell heavily to the ground. The anchor, dropping between the wagon-box and a wheel, became firmly fixed; while the line to which the anchor was attached, being good manilla rope, was uncoiled and dragged after the horses with great rapidity.

Fortunately, the boys and the driver had time to jump out of the "yacht" before the anchor-rope was all "paid out," and so, with the exception of a bad shaking-up and a few bruises, they suffered no injury from their unceremonious disembarking. But the sudden fall had "broken the backbone" of the Slug, as Jack expressed it; and, as if that were not enough, the poor boat, as it hung by the painter, was swung, bumped, knocked, and dragged along, until it was literally reduced to fragments. There was scarcely a residence in all Mud Flat that did not have, long afterward, some satisfactory reminder of the last cruise of the Slug.

But all agreed that the old boat had one virtue—it made famous firewood!



THE GREAT SPRING-BOARD ACT.—BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY.

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.

FIFTH PAPER.

IN tracing back our letters, we now have reached Chalkis, where the Phœnicians under Kadmus taught the Greeks their letters. A funny thing occurred to the wise men who ferreted out all these facts. They could read Greek, and they could read Hebrew, and the strange likeness between many of the names for the letters in the two languages made it certain that in some way they were related or connected. But what meant those letters on rocks, metal vases, and earthenware jars that we now call Phœnician? Single letters looked like Greek letters distorted; but the words would not read as Greek. Nor would they read as Hebrew, although the characters appeared to have some connection with Hebrew. Greek is written like our writing, from left to right; but Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian are written from right to left. So, in those languages a book begins where our books end. It was found, too, that the Hebrew writing now in use is very different exter-

nally from that used by David and Solomon, although the names and general shape of the letters are the same. Have you ever seen a Hebrew Bible? The alphabet in which the Old Testament was originally written looked very different from that which the Jews now use in their Bibles; it was much nearer the Phœnician in appearance.

For a long time it never dawned on men's minds that perhaps the Phœnician way of writing, from right to left, was not followed by the Greeks; but at last they remembered that in very early times the lines of Greek writing were made to read alternately from right to left and from left to right. Such inscriptions were called *boustrophédon* ("turning like oxen in plowing"), because the letters had to be read as the oxen move from furrow to furrow in the field that they plow, first one way, then the other. That gave the needed clew.

After all, if we do not connect letters one to the other, as in running handwriting, does it make much difference whether we set the separate letters down in a sequence which begins at the

right and ends at the left, or in one that begins at the left and ends at the right? Some nations, like the Chinese and Tartars, find it convenient to write signs *under* each other. The Egyptians used to write in at least three several directions, namely, downwards, from right to left, and from left to right. Generally one can tell how to read hieroglyphs in Egyptian and Mexican manuscripts by noting the direction of the faces of animals and persons pictured, and then reading in the opposite direction. Sometimes Egyptian hieroglyphs were engraved one upon the other, like a monogram.

Well, putting some or all of these facts together, it suddenly flashed on some one that the oldest Greek letters might be nothing more or less than the Phœnician letters turned the other way. And when they came to examine the very oldest Greek inscriptions to be found, they discovered that this was the main difference between the two! The Greeks had borrowed the Phœnician letters and merely added some new characters to express sounds peculiar to their own tongue and neglected others that were of no service.

It was this alphabet that the Greek-Phœnicians brought to Italy. When, centuries later, Latins and Sabines and Etruscans and Oscans, banded together and formed the great city of Rome, it was this alphabet they inherited from their forefathers. Several of the letters which the Etruscans thought necessary to express sounds in their language, were dropped before the Romans came to power and produced their great poets and essayists.

So, now you know how the alphabet came to you, which the Irish monks taught our heathen forefathers. It came through the Latins from the people of Bœotia, or Greeks, who learned it from the Phœnicians.

But that great mercantile people, the Phœnicians, also left to the nations near their old home in Palestine, the same precious gift of an alphabet. Very old inscriptions in Hebrew, lately found, are seen to be written in almost the same alphabet as the Phœnician. Perhaps you are beginning to wonder how many peoples there are who owe their letters to that old sea-folk who were the traders, pirates, and buccaneers of the Mediterranean! There is the Hebrew, which people have called the alphabet of God, because the Holy Scriptures were written in it, and which was also used by magicians for their amulets and talismans; there is the Greek, in which the epics of Homer, the long poems of Hesiod, and the rhapsodies of Pindar were taken down; there is the Latin, in which all the wisdom of the ancients reached us; and there are all the differing alphabets, printed characters, and script handwritings of Europe and America! In fact, I could not tell you here, so numerous

are they, the names of all the languages in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, that were and are written in some alphabet, which traces its descent from the twenty-two Phœnician letters.

The connection between Greek and Phœnician is much easier to believe than that Arabic, a sen-

tence of which you see here represented, should be also a writing derived from the Phœnician. Arabic letters are used by so large a portion of the inhabitants of the earth that it stands second among the great national, or rather, the great religious alphabets of the world. Some of you know, I suppose, that Mohammed was a very wise and imaginative Arab of an important though poor tribe of Arabia Felix. He was a great poet and statesman; he had visions and called himself the Prophet of God. He wrote the Koran, which is used by an immense multitude of men as their only law-book and Bible. The dialect which he and his clan used became, through the spread of his doctrines, the standard, first for all Arabia, and then for all the enormous countries a hundred times larger than Arabia which his disciples and their followers won by force of arms.

Of course the alphabet he used did not spring up suddenly. It was handed down from the early times of the Phœnicians, and gradually became so changed in most of the letters that you would hardly believe they had ever been the same as the Phœnician letters. Writers of it

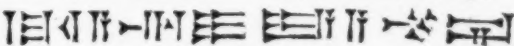
This Arabic sentence is a famous inscription upon the colonnade of one of the great mosques at Jerusalem. The mosque is known as the "Dome of the Rock," and it is thought to stand upon a portion of the site of the great Jewish Temple. This inscription is placed near the great southern door of the mosque. It is in one continuous line, however, instead of two as represented in this fac-simile. It reads from right to left, and is thus translated: "This dome was built by the servant of God, Abd Jallih-el-Iman-al-Mamduh, [E]mir of the Faithful, in the year seventy-two. May God be well pleased, and be satisfied with him. Amen."

المعبر عن الله
بالحمد لله
والصلاة والسلام
على سيدنا محمد
والآله الطيبين
الطاهرين
الذين هم
أهل البيت
الطاهرين
الذين هم
أهل البيت
الطاهرين

were so careless, or so proud of being able to read and write when the mass of their neighbors were ignorant, that, neglectfully or intentionally, they allowed many letters to become almost like one another. In the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, it is hard to tell a number of the letters apart. In order to distinguish them, later writers devised a set of dots, like the dot over our small i. The same difficulty occurred among the Hebrews, whose wise men seemed to enjoy making writing hard to write and to read. Another reason why Arabic is hard to make out is because many of the letters change their forms according as they stand alone (unconnected), or stand at the beginning of a word (initial), or in between two other letters (connected) or at the end of a word (final). Think of having to distinguish the same letter under four different forms! What a bother to the children of the Arabs, Turks, and Persians as they sit tailor-fashion, or kneel patiently on the floor, their shoes left outside the threshold, while the school-master flourishes his rod over their puzzled nodules, or raps the soles of their tired little feet!

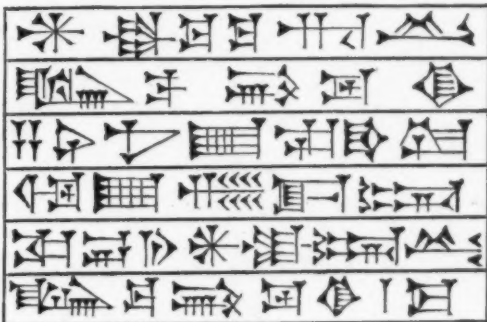
Now Arabic letters and Hebrew, too, if you try to trace them back to Phœnician, are found to have passed through the hands of a people who occupied the high lands of Asia Minor, where the two great "rivers of Babylon," the Euphrates and the Tigris, begin to run their course. This land was called Aram and the ancient language spoken there, the Aramaic. Between Phœnician and Aramaic the connection is close. The Aramaic took the place of the Phœnician language, when the Phœnicians were edged out of Palestine westward over the Mediterranean. So we see that Arabic, which looks so strange and is so elegant and fantastic when embroidered on banners or traced on tiles or written on the beautiful mulberry-leaf paper of the Orient, really

uses, in the main, the same alphabet that looks so plain and simple on the page you are reading!



PERSIAN SENTENCE.

Both Phœnician and Aramaic were in all probability spoken and written in Palestine and Aram. It was in Aramaic, too, that the words of Christ and his apostles were spoken; and a few of the actual words are still retained in the New Testament, for example "Talitha cumi," meaning "Maid, arise!" It was probably Aramaic that prevailed also in the great capitals of Mesopotamia, while the rich and haughty kings of Babylonia and Assyria were using on their stone and plaster images and in their queer books of inscribed and baked brick, the writing that is called "cuneiform." It is so called because the letters appear to be formed of little *cunei*, wedges, or nails. "Arrow-headed writing" is another



SPECIMEN OF CUNEIFORM WRITING.

name for it. Look well at this curious writing made by engraving on brick. Several different languages have been written in it.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

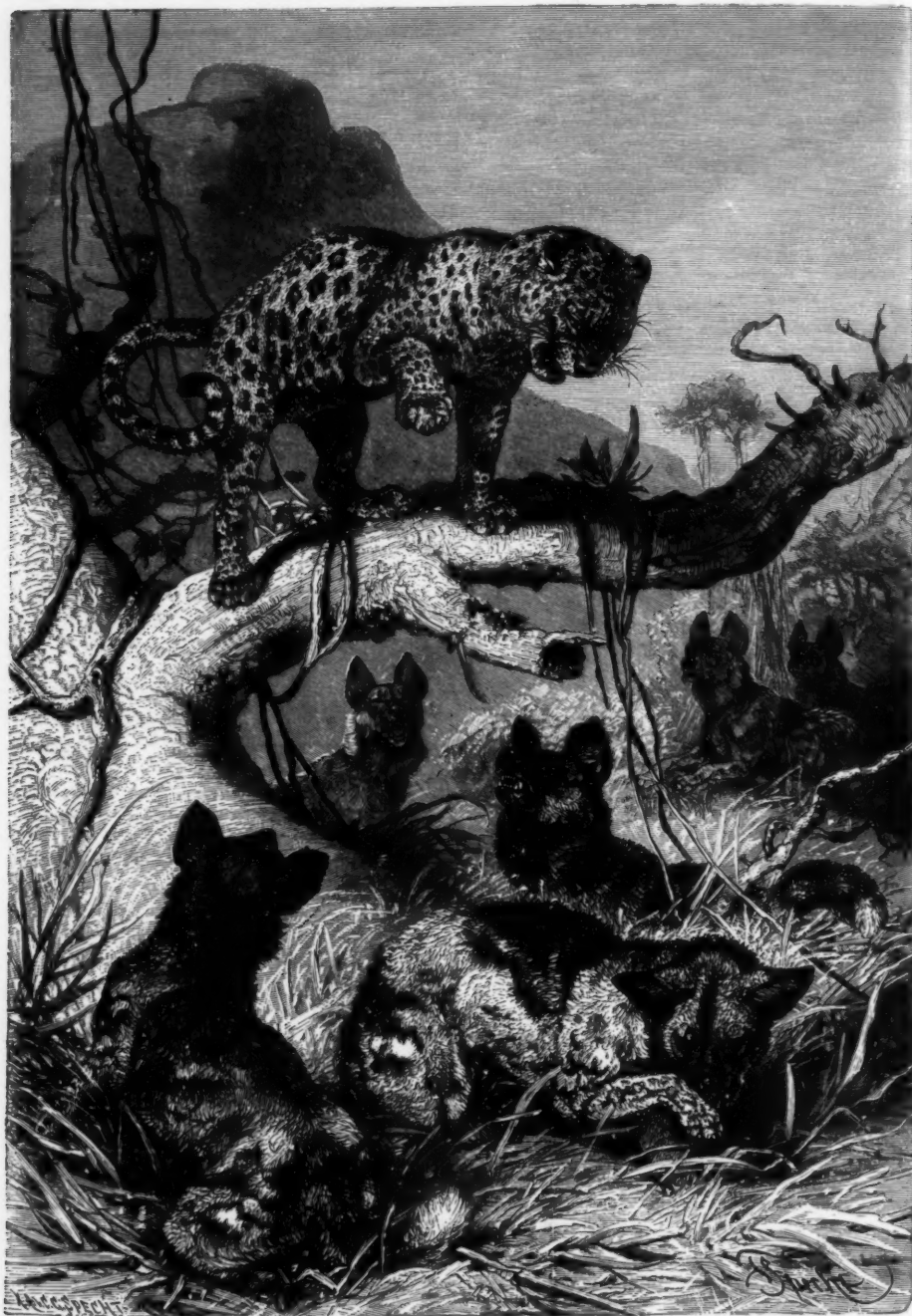
BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

I.

SIX sturdy lads lay curled up in their beds
When the Birthday of Freedom had faded to night,
With burns on their fingers and pains in their heads,
And scarred like the heroes of many a fight.
But, strange to relate, as all sleepless they lay,
Though ten from the steeple had chimed loud
and clear,
They sighed: "What a perfectly glorious day!
Too bad it can only come once in the year!"

II.

The six patient mothers, who loved the six boys,
Were resting at last, now the daylight was done;
For, with the wild racket and riot and noise,
No peace had been theirs since the dawn of the
sun.
And they sighed, as they said in the weariest way
(And full cause had they for their feelings, I fear):
"This has been *such* a terrible, ear-splitting day!
How lucky it only comes once in the year!"



THE LEOPARD BROUGHT TO BAY BY WILD DOGS.

I
 wh
 a b
 cou
 sna
 T
 of s
 A
 pac
 ure
 mo
 do
 T
 gre
 tha
 has
 wil
 the
 the
 hun
 but
 mo
 beca
 O
 suit
 of v
 out
 coul
 in a
 first
 of p
 refu
 tiall
 T

WILD HUNTERS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

EVERYBODY knows the old story of the father who taught his sons to be united by showing them a bundle of sticks. Taken together, the sticks could not be broken; but taken singly, they were snapped in two very quickly.

The wild dogs of South Africa, like the bundle of sticks, furnish an example of the value of unity. A single wild dog is not very formidable, but a pack of wild dogs is the dread of every living creature in the part of Africa where they dwell; and more persevering, savage, and relentless hunters do not exist.

The wild dog has keen scent, quick intelligence, great powers of endurance, and great speed; so that, however swift may be the animal pursued, it has cause to fear this tireless hunter. Indeed, the wild dog never seems to take into consideration the size, strength, or agility of its game. Even the lion, it is said, has learned to dread those small hunters, which seem to have no fear of death, but rush with fierce courage to attack the mighty monarch himself, should he be so unlucky as to become the object of their pursuit.

One traveler tells of having witnessed the pursuit and destruction of a large leopard by a pack of wild dogs. Whether or not the dogs had set out with the intention of capturing the leopard, he could not tell. He saw them start up the great cat in a low jungle. The leopard made no effort at first to fight off its assailants; but, with a series of prodigious springs, sought shelter in the only refuge the plain afforded — a tree which had partially fallen.

There the hunted beast stood, snarling and growl-

ing in a manner that would have frightened off any ordinary foe. The savage dogs, however, never hesitated a moment, but with agile leaps ran up the sloping trunk, and gave instant battle to their furious game. One after another, the dogs were hurled back, each stroke of the terrible paw making one foe the less. Yet they continued to throw themselves against the enraged creature, until, wearied by the contest and wounded in fifty places, it fell from the tree; when, still struggling, it was quickly torn to pieces.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wild dog usually prefers as formidable game as the leopard. A sheep-fold is always an attraction too great for the wild dog to pass.

And now, after calling this wild hunter a dog, I shall have to say that it is not a dog at all, but is only a sort of cousin to the dog, and really a nearer relative of the hyena, though it so resembles both animals as to have gained the name of hyena-dog. Its scientific name is *Lycan venaticus*; and besides the two common names already mentioned, it has half a dozen more.

Being neither dog nor hyena, and yet akin to both, it is one of those strange forms of the animal creation which naturalists call "links." It has four toes, like the hyena, while it has teeth like the dog's.

Some attempts have been made to tame it, so as to gain the use of its wonderful powers of hunting; but none of these efforts have yet been successful, because of the suspicious nature of the animal. It seems to feel that every offer of kindness or familiarity is a menace to its liberty.

THE THEORETIC TURTLE.

BY A. R. W.



HE theoretic turtle started out to see the toad;

He came to a stop at a liberty-pole in the middle of the road.

"Now how, in the name of the spouting whale," the indignant turtle cried,

"Can I climb this perpendicular cliff, and get on the other side?"

If I only could make a big balloon, I'd lightly over it fly;

Or a very long ladder might reach the top, though it does look fearfully high.

If a beaver were in my place, he'd gnaw a passage through with his teeth;

I can't do that, but I can dig a tunnel and pass beneath."

He was digging his tunnel, with might and main, when a dog looked down at the hole.

"The easiest way, my friend," said he, "is to walk around the pole."

NAN'S REVOLT.

BY ROSE LATTIMORE ALLING.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a gentlemanly raising of hats and a womanly fluttering of skirts at the Ferrises' door. The hats were borne down the dark avenue, and could be seen, occasionally, swinging briskly along under the light of successive lampposts. They were very stylish hats.

The skirts made a soft scurrying sound as they rustled upstairs, and along the dim hall, disappearing into the rooms of their owners. They were very dainty skirts.

Nan closed her door, turned up the gas, stood a moment pouting at herself in the glass, pulled the wilted roses from her belt with an impatient jerk, tossed her pretty evening dress across a chair, exchanged her boots for a pair of slippers, and stole noiselessly into Evelyn's room to talk over the party with that dear sister and Cathy, who was staying with them, as a guest.

She found those two persons waiting for her, while they straightened out the fingers of their long gloves.

"Well, girls," began Nan, seating herself lazily upon the middle of the bed, "there is just one solitary comfort left after an utterly stupid evening like this: you can express your feelings to your dearest friends, and here I am to express!"

"Go on, then," sighed her sister, ruefully examining a stain on her fan; "but don't speak too loud or you will waken the household."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid, Evelyn; I'm not in one of my fire-cracker moods. No, I'm cool; I have the calmness of stern resolve; I speak from that tranquil height which lies beyond emotion!" declaimed Nan, pulling out the hairpins from her artistic coils.

"What notion have you in your busy head now? Hasten to divulge, for it is very late," suggested Cathy.

"Late! who cares? I shall save years of sleep by wasting this midnight's gas!" and Nan showed a gleam of fire in her eye as she gave the pillow a vindictive thump.

"Well," yawned Cathy, "proceed at once"; and forthwith the audience curled itself up on the lounge, regarding the speaker with expectant amusement, while she, after finishing off an intricate pattern in hairpins, thus began:

"Ahem—ladies—the subject of society in general and parties in particular, ladies and gentlemen," waving her hand toward sundry photographs

standing about on Evelyn's writing-desk, "has been under consideration for some time. *Ergo*, I don't go to another one! So there! That's settled. From this time forth I shall proceed to enjoy life in a rational way."

With this conclusion to her rapid speech, she scattered her design over the bedspread with one destructive finger, and flashed upon her hearers two bright, snapping eyes, showing that she was in earnest, despite her nonsense.

Cathy gasped, while Evelyn exclaimed:

"Why, Nan, what happened? Did n't you have a gay time?"

This remark set Nan off, like a match to powder.

"Gay? Oh, bewilderingly, intensely gay! Yes, it was just that—'gay,' and nothing more. The party was all right, indeed better than most, from a high moral point of view, for my hair staid in curl and my gloves did n't burst; I danced with the most stylish goose in the room; I ate an ice with conceited Tom Lefferts in the conservatory; I opened and shut my fan and smiled and raised my eyebrows the requisite number of times to produce the effect of having a delightful time! Oh—

"I would not pass another such an eve,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days."

This vivid speech was uttered in irony so cold that it would have been quite thrilling if Nan had n't given the pillow another vehement poke in the middle, which made its four corners swell up in stiff remonstrance.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Cathy, with a laugh, "what in the world are you going to do about it, Nan? There is a full supply of nonsense in the world, I admit, but we can't reform the feature of the time, and we must have some fun——"

"Fun!" interrupted Nan hotly. "Who is objecting to fun? Who loves fun better than I? But who has fun at these shows? Did you have a really happy time to-night, Cathy? Own up now. You know that, when the flutter is over, you can't remember one single thing worth remembering. Does it pay?"

"But we can't help it. What are you going to do—turn blue-stocking or prig, Nannie, love?" mildly inquired Evelyn.

"Prig?" "blue-stocking"—no, I hate the very words," said Nan, adding, "I'm seeking just what you are; the only difference is, I'm going to get it and you are not. But go on, sweet children,

go on giving your hair extra frizzlings, go on smiling divinely at vapid nothings, and eating numberless plates of cream—it is a noble future to contemplate! But let me tell you, deluded creatures, that you will drag home just so many times neither

elyn, who reclined tragically upon the lounge, feigning to be completely overcome.

After they had succeeded in controlling their emotions, Cathy said in a wailing voice:

"Yes, Nan, I have a realizing sense that you are



THE GIRLS DISCUSS THE PARTY.

benefited nor amused, and the last state of all such will be worse than the first. Let us weep!"

And now the poor pillow went flying off upon the floor, while Nan laughed at her own peroration.

Her spell-bound hearers gave two gigantic sighs, while Cathy seized a cologne-bottle to restore Ev-

more than half right; for I do believe that, when, after such an evening, I survey my giddy self in the glass, I sigh more often than I smile."

Nan, who was venting her yet unspent spite in braiding her hair into tight little curls, gave her head an emphatic nod and declared her fell inten-

tion of finding some way out of her slough of despond. Then as the last braid dwindled to three hairs, she descended from the platform, and thus concluded :

"Ladies and gentlemen, thanking you for your kind attention, I beg leave to announce that there will be another solemn conclave in regard to this vital subject, on the side veranda, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Good-night, you dear old things, you are nearly asleep, and I've wearied you more than did that wretched party. Why, no ! Cathy's eyes are wide open ! Mercy on us, Cathy

CHAPTER II.

THE bell in St. Luke's steeple rang out the stroke for three-quarters after nine in the morning. Nan lay in the hammock, gazing up through the woodbine of the before-mentioned side veranda. The leaves were beginning to turn maroon and russet ; but evidently she was not looking at these, for her pretty eyes were taking in a wider angle of light. In truth, there was a deep little wrinkle between her eyebrows, which implied deep thought.

However, as the bell began on its ten strokes,



"NAN LAY IN THE HAMMOCK THINKING."

thinks she's thinking ! Go on, dear, it wont harm you at all."

With this parting fling, she hopped to the door, holding in her hand one slipper, which she waved tragically, exclaiming, "Farewell, base world !" and was gone.

"What a girl she is !" said Evelyn, as the audience unbent itself. "She did n't give me a chance to agree with or to combat her theories ; but, do you know, I am tired of it, too, just as much as Nan is, only she has vigor enough to rebel at the thralldom of her bright, natural self, while I keep on and on from mere inertia."

"Well," said Cathy, slowly winding her watch, "I was thinking, as Nan said—but it is one o'clock, and I shall not say another word until to-morrow."

she withdrew her stare from the far, unseen horizon, rolled out of the hammock, came down hard on her two trim boots, stood up

straight, and gazed the landscape o'er.

"Not a girl in sight," she said to herself, with an amused laugh ; "I believe the silly things are afraid of me ; maybe they think I have become one of those reformers—oh me, how shy girls are of a cause ! Well, anyhow, I have one, or rather a because, and they must give me a fair hearing, though I must be wiser than a whole collection of serpents." She had reflected thus far, when she espied a blue eye peeping around the corner of the bay-window.

"Oh, Cathy !" she shouted ; "oh, you perfidious foe ! Come here ! Where are the girls ?"

Cathy brought the companion eye into view, and finally two other pairs appeared, accompanied by their respective owners, Evelyn carrying

a basket of grapes. How merry they were, and how they laughed in that contagious girl-fashion as they encamped about Nan! They made a group charming to behold, and they seemed capable of tossing anybody's blues away as easily as they now threw grape-skins into the sunny air. But they were not remarkable in any respect; they had their full share of graces and defects, of assorted sizes, both of feature and character. No one of them was in the least a heroine; but the group was very like any other group that might have been found in many neighborhoods, on that pleasant September morning.

Bert Mitchell, who was the only addition to the party of the night before, ensconced herself in the hammock with Cathy Drake. The two girls differed from each other in many respects, but were great friends, as is often the case.

Bert, who was never called Bertha, as she declared in extravagant phrase that she "perfectly loathed the name," was tall and cheery, with fine eyes, a mass of brown hair, and a voice a trifle loud. But the girls forgave her that; and whenever she began to speak, they would always listen, assured of hearing something bright. But her most characteristic feature was her hands. They were white and shapely, but she had a curious way of carrying them—as though she had just put them on for the first time, and was trying different effects with them. The girls laughingly cried, "Long may they wave!" and liked her all the same. She had an abundance of settled convictions on every possible subject,—“positive opinions hot at all hours,” Cathy's brother Fred said of her,—and she was therefore always in a definite mood, and very good company.

If, as some say, beauty is tested by the ability to wear one's hair combed straight back without being a scarecrow, Cathy, of all the girls, came nearest to being pretty, for she, and she alone, enjoyed the luxury of an even temper during high winds, damp days, and a vacation at the seashore. Her forehead was broad and calm, her eyes were blue and calm, and her mouth was sweet and calm. She was not positive about anything, which greatly irritated her friend Bert, who, indeed, flew into a comical passion one day, over her failure to arouse Cathy. Shaking her, she exclaimed, "Will nothing on earth move you! Do get angry—at something or some one!—at me!—at anything! Have n't you any depths in you? If you have, stir them up!"

Cathy raised her crescent brows, and a faint color crept into her smooth cheek as she quietly said: "Depths don't stir, my dear; and if stirred from the top, they are apt only to get muddy, you know. However, I'd like to accommodate you by getting furiously angry—at you, for in-

stance; this is an inviting opportunity, and I don't know that I ought to miss it—but somehow it does n't seem worth while." And even the obstreperous Bert was silenced by this covert thrust.

When they all had settled themselves into various cozy attitudes, Bert demanded to know the object of the caucus. "I hope it is something interesting, for nothing but a command from you would have induced me to crawl out this morning," she yawned, as she adjusted a sofa-pillow for her comfort.

Cathy murmured, "Hear! Hear!" but was evidently more absorbed in Evelyn's explanation of a new Kensington stitch.

Nan rapped sharply with the handle of a tennis racquet, and requested order. Then she gave a little cough, tossed the grape-vine over her shoulder, and began:

"Fellow-citizens! I come before you on this auspicious occasion to declare treason—treason to the tyrant commonly called 'polite society.' I've come to the solemn conclusion that it is about time I began to prepare to live."

She was at this point interrupted by a groan, and Bert asked:

"Why, are n't you alive, Nan? I am. Life so far is a great success, and it is all your own fault if you don't think so too. You have all the conveniences for having an uncommonly favored existence, if you only *insisted* on thinking so."

But Nan retorted: "That's just it—if one could only think so! Aye, there's the rub. This is the place for tears. Oh, dear!—I can't whip my thoughts into obedience to my will as you can, Bert. I have, as you say, all the so-called 'opportunities' for having a so-called 'fine time,' and when I am old and gray, no one can say that I did not improve them with unflagging diligence. But I don't really enjoy myself, and I don't believe you do either—only you 'll never own to it. Now, girls, honor bright, do you honestly think we amount to much? Are we getting the most out of life?"

The impressiveness of the moment was ruined by the arrival of a green grape, plump upon the speaker's nose.

Nan was good-natured enough to laugh with the rest, as she gave it a well-directed aim back at Bert.

At this point Evelyn rescued the meeting from total disorder, by boldly announcing: "Stay, girls! I agree with Nan, so far as I know what she means. Oh, she was sublime last night! I wilted under the heat of her eloquence, and I proclaim myself her humble follower."

At this encouragement, Nan administered a

smothering hug to her noble champion; but suddenly she seemed to change her tactics from harangue to intrigue, for, helping herself to a bunch of Dianas, she said languidly:

"Well, the curbed lion of my spirit was rampant last night, for I had a very inane time at that party—or perhaps I ate too much of the lemon streak of my Neapolitan ice; at all events, I was rash enough to declare war to the knife on all inducements from the giddy world again."

"But you will go to the next party as usual," interrupted Bert, as she left the hammock. "You will go every time, my dear; you can't help it; it is inevitable fate; so you'd better calm down and meditate on your next gown."

"Ah, Bert! You've said it now!" almost shouted Nan. "*That's* the very point! Is it 'inevitable fate' that we go on and on? I want something more worth the while. Do be patient with me, and let me lay the case before you as it looks to me. Here we are, every last girl of us out of school, and doing absolutely nothing. What would we think of young men who dawdled about at this rate, contenting themselves with a little dusting, arranging a few flowers, doing a bit of embroidery now and then, and in *very* energetic moments painting a teacup, but chiefly being 'in society,' and not earning one square inch even of their manly clothing? Horrors! I would n't recognize such a ninny!"

The silenced audience looked sufficiently awestruck to encourage Nan to continue.

"Now, are we one whit more to be envied, just because we are girls? Wake up, Bert! And now that I'm awake myself, I think I shall actually blush the next time Father pays me my allowance."

"Well, girls, Nan is in earnest," said Evelyn. "Cathy and I were almost set to thinking by her burning eloquence last night—and I can assure you she has a scheme on foot; so, as a humble champion, I request an expression from the meeting, upon certain points. Firstly, all who agree that the present state of things is n't very satisfying, will please manifest it by holding up the right hand."

Cathy's gold thimble gleamed in the air. Bert was ostensibly asleep, with her head against the pillar, but suddenly she sat erect, and said with great decision:

"I think that you are running your precious heads against a wall—and, I assure you, the wall does n't mind it in the least. You are in the world, and you would better treat it politely or you will get roundly snubbed in return. As for me, I *must* meet people. Until Nan or some other philosopher offers something enticing, I remain true to the ship."

"But suppose we do offer something in its place," said Evelyn, who had rolled up her work and stuck her needle through it, as though she were fastening an idea within.

"You are not much of a sinner, so entice away," said Bert, smilingly, folding her hands.

"Well," Evelyn proceeded with a comical drawl, "let's be a club——"

"Oh, I'm clubbed black and blue now!" gasped Bert; "do try again, sweet child!"

"Let's be a club," Evelyn repeated severely, "and let us read, or study, or work, with all the might that is in us."

Meanwhile, the clouds had been clearing from Nan's brow, and now she called out delightedly:

"You are getting 'warm', as we used to say when we played 'hunt the thimble'; you are certainly traveling toward milder climes, Evelyn. Yes, let us do something in earnest—and I know what I'm going to do, too!"

"What? what?" sounded in chorus.

"I'm going—to—earn—my—own—living."

At each emphatic word, Nan bobbed her head in the most decisive manner. "I'm going to seek my fortune, and I'm going to try to lead a genuine existence."

The girls sat stunned, with wide open eyes, till Bert suddenly pounded on the floor with heavy applause, and Evelyn asked breathlessly:

"Why, Nan, has Father failed, or lost anything?"

"No, *he* has n't," answered Nan grimly, "but I have. What have I ever done since I was graduated but drift about, vainly trying to amuse myself. Why, girls, we have *futures* before us——"

"No, not *before* us?" laughed Bert with mock incredulity.

But Nan, undisturbed by Bert's interruption, went calmly on:

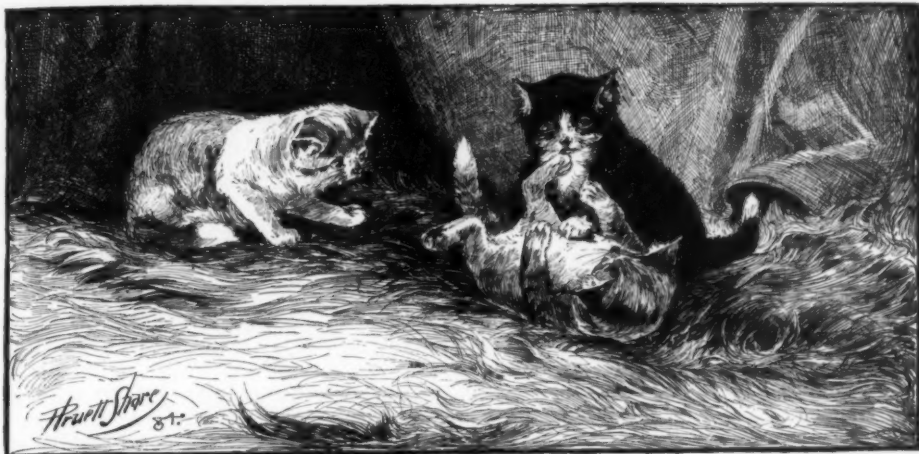
"Do we wish to belong to that class of helpless women who are aghast and powerless if misfortune overtakes them? Do we wish to depend on others all our lives—even if we have a fair prospect of property of our own" (looking hard at Bert). "Remember that the wheel of Fortune turns once in most lives, and I should n't like to be flattened under it!"

The attention of her hearers was suddenly startled by an exclamation from Bert, who stood up, with both hands at her heart, in apparent agony. Recovering, however, with astonishing alacrity, she murmured: "Oh, it is nothing—nothing but a barbed arrow driven home."

And with this mysterious remark, she settled her hat, declared it was dinner-time, and, refusing to explain her unwonted reserve, laughingly tore herself away.

(To be continued.)

THE PUSSIES' COATS.



O PUSSIES dear,
It's very queer
That you wear your fur coats all the year!

Mamma, in May,
Put hers away.
I should think you'd be too warm to play.

THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[A Story of the Maine Coast.]

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMPING ON THE BEACH.

THE kelp-gatherers, with their tip-cart and ox-team, had in the meanwhile entered the belt of woods which stretched along the coast, back from the sea. Tall trees rose on both sides of the narrow, sandy road, their tops meeting overhead. There was on the outskirts a scanty undergrowth, which, however, soon disappeared, leaving the open aisles of the forest, with here a brown carpet of pine-needles, and there a patch of bright moss.

The sun was going down. The spots and flickers of wine-colored light vanished from the boughs. The long bars of shadow, cast by the great trunks, became merged in one universal shade, and even-ings shut down upon the woods.

Soon another sound mingled with that of the wind sweeping through the pines and firs. It was the roar of the sea.

The boys were more quiet now, the solemn

scene filling their hearts with quiet joy. The large trees soon gave place to a smaller and thicker growth of spruce and balsam, the boughs of which now and then touched the cart-wheels as they passed. Somewhere in the dim wilderness, a thrush piped his evening song.

"Hark!" said Perce. "I heard something besides a bird. Is somebody calling?"

"A loon," said Moke.

"A loon out on the water," said Poke. "The sea is just off here."

They soon had glimpses of it through openings among the trees. But now the sound of it became louder; the woods, too, moaned like another sea in the wind, and the cries were no longer heard.

They came out upon a spot of low grassy ground behind the sand-hills. There was a fresh-water pool near by. Perce thought it a good place for the oxen; and he turned them out on the roadside. Mrs. Murcher's boarding-house was in sight.

"Suppose I run up there and find Olly before it gets any darker," said Perce. "You can be

unhitching the steers from the cart, and getting 'em around in a good place to feed. Fasten 'em to the cart-wheel by this rope; tie it in the ring of the yoke. Let 'em drink first."

"All right," said the twins. "Go ahead."

And off Perce ran to summon his friend to their festivities.

The twins turned the cattle into the grass, and then began to make things ready for their camp and supper; keeping up all the time an incessant dialogue, which prevented them from hearing again the cries of the supposed loon, growing fainter and fainter on the distant waves.

Neither did Perce hear them as he hastened along the path in the gloomy hollow, and mounted the piazza steps. In the hall-door of the boarding-house, he was met by a tall girl of seventeen, with a fine brunette complexion, piercing dark eyes, and a high, thin, Roman nose.

Overawed a little by her rather imposing style of dress and features, Perce took off his cap, and begging her pardon, inquired for Oliver Burdeen.

"Burdeen? Oliver?" she queried. "Oh!" with a pleasant smile, "you mean Olly!"

"Yes," he replied. "We all call him Olly where he lives, but I was n't sure he would be known by that name here."

"He is n't known by any other!" replied the young lady with a laugh. "He's about, somewhere; I believe he's always about, somewhere! Mrs. Merriman," she called to a lady in the parlor, "where's the ubiquitous Olly?"

"I don't know, Amy," replied the lady. "Did n't he go with the gentlemen in the yacht?"

Amy "almost thought he did"; yet it seemed to her she had seen him that afternoon; a position of uncertainty on the part of that young lady, which would n't have been highly flattering to the vanity of Master Burdeen, even if he had n't been at that moment beyond the reach of flattery.

"Mrs. Murcher can tell you," she said, turning to walk back to the end of the hall. "She is here, in the dining-room."

Mrs. Murcher thought Olly must be in his room.

"I believe he is going home this evening," she said; "he wants to show his folks a new suit of clothes that has been given him. I guess he's trying them on."

"I am a neighbor of his," said Perce. "I am camping on the beach with some friends; and we want him to join us."

"Well!" exclaimed the landlady, "you can go right up to his room and find him. It's in the old part of the house; but you'd better go up the front way; it's lighter."

She was explaining to Perce that he must go

up one flight, proceed to the end of the corridor, and then step down into a lower passage—when the tall young brunette called over the banisters, "I'll show him!"

He mounted after her; and she threw open the door of what seemed an unoccupied room, to let more light from its windows into the corridor.

"Be careful not to stumble!" she warned him. "That's his room, right before you, as you go down those steps."

So saying, she disappeared in some other room, and Perce was left alone in the dim hall. He paused a moment to get a glimpse of the sea through the door and window of the room she had opened, which happened to be Mr. Hatville's room; then he groped his way to Olly's door and knocked.

In a little while, he returned alone to his friends on the beach.

"I could n't find him," he said. "Mrs. Murcher sent me up to his room, but he was n't there; and I went all over the place. Then she said she thought he must have gone home, to show his folks a new suit of clothes; he had asked her if he might; but she did n't expect him to go so soon."

"Olly's made, if he's got some new clothes!" said Moke.

"He never would speak to us, after that!" said Poke. "Never mind; we can 'wake Nicodemus' without him."

"Wake Nicodemus!" Moke shouted gleefully, to hear his voice resound in the woods.

"Wake Nicodemus!" Poke repeated. And the three joined gayly in the chorus of a song then popular:

"Now, run and tell Elijah to hurry up Poup,
And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The very human biped whose cries had been mistaken for a loon's, heard their voices wafted to him by the wind—the same wind that was blowing him farther and farther from the shore.

He screamed again, wildly; but his own voice sounded weaker and weaker, while the merry chorus still went up from the little camping party on the beach:

"Wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The boys sang and chatted as they worked. They made their beds in a hollow of the wind-swept dunes, where there would be less annoyance from mosquitoes than in the shelter of the woods, and spread their hay and blankets upon the dry sand.

"Besides," said Perce, "the daylight will strike us here, and wake us early."

"Wake Nicodemus!" laughed Poke. And then they all burst forth again:

"Wake Nicodemus to-day!"

The chasing clouds gathered, until the sky was almost completely overcast. The moon would not rise till late; it became dark rapidly. But as the gloom of night thickened on land and sea, a little golden flame shot up on the shore, and grew large and bright as the surrounding shadows became more dense.

It was the flame of the boys' camp-fire, which they kindled on the seaward side of the dunes, and fed with rubbish from the high-water mark of the recent storm. Later tides had not then reached it, and plenty of it was dry enough to burn.

Chips and old shingles, bleached seaweed, broken planks, strips and slabs from

saw-mills on some far-away river, and other refuse, littered the strand,—here, a broken lobster-pot which the rolling waves had washed ashore, and there, a ship's fender, worn smooth, with a fragment of rope still held in the auger-hole by its knotted end.

Such of this fuel as best suited their immediate purpose the boys gathered for their fire; and Olly,

in his wave-tossed boat, could see their agile figures running to and fro in the light of the flames.

"There 'll be heaps of flood-wood, as well as kelp, for us to gather to-morrow," said Perce. "Don't put any more on the fire, boys."

"Why not?" asked the twins.



PERCE AND THE TWINS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BEACH.

"There's no use wasting it," answered Perce, adding, "We've fire enough. We'll roast our corn and go to bed, so as to be up early. It'll be high tide before five to-morrow."

"Then wake Nicodemus!" cried Moke in a gleeful tone.

And again the three boys raised the wild chorus of the old plantation song.

"Olly ought to be here!" said Perce. "He must have gone home by the coast; and that's the way we missed him."

Even then, but for the noise of the surf and the whistling of the wind, they might have heard Olly's last screams; and by straining their eyes they might have seen far out on the gloomy deep a dim object, now rising for a moment against the line of the evening sky, and now disappearing in a hollow of the waves.

With hays about their heads to shelter them from the wind, and the light of their camp-fire gleaming over them, the kelp-gatherers lay under their blankets, in the hollow of the dunes. They talked or sang until the flames died to a feeble glimmer, that served to bring out by contrast the surrounding gloom of sea and land and sky.

"Is n't it dark, though!" exclaimed Perce. "I had no idea it would cloud so. I believe it is going to rain. Then shan't we be in a fix?"

"It can't rain," said Moke.

"No fear of that," added Poke, in a muffled voice from under his blanket.

"What's the reason?" Perce demanded.

"Uncle Moses said so," replied both the twins together.

"Oh, then, of course it can't!" laughed Perce.

"And the wind wont change, and carry the kelp all off, and land it on some other beach, as it did the last time I was coming to get sea-weed here. The wind clipped around to the nor'ard and north-east, and in the morning this beach, that had been covered with it, was as clean as a whistle; while Coombs's Cove, where there had n't been any, was full of it."

"Who's going to wake Nicodemus in the morning?" asked Moke.

"The one who's first awake himself," said Perce. And he sang, the others joining in:

"Wake me up," was his charge, 'at the first break of day,
Wake me up for the great jubilee!"

After that they became silent. The fire died on the beach. The breakers plunged and drew back, with incessant noise, in the darkness; the wind moaned in the woods, and whistled among the coarse sparse grass and wild peas that grew about the dunes. But notwithstanding the strangeness of their situation, the boys were soon asleep.

Uncle Moses proved a true prophet. There was no rain in the huddling clouds that at one time overspread the sky. They broke and lifted, and bright stars peeped from under their heavy lids. Then the moon rose and silvered them, and shed a strange light upon the limitless, unresting, solitary waves.

CHAPTER VII.

ADrift IN A DORY.

FOR a long time Olly could see the boys by the light of their camp-fire, excepting when the tops of the rolling billows hid them from view.

Although too far off at any time to recognize his friends, he made out snatches of the song then in vogue in his neighborhood; and he believed the camping party to be Frog-End boys who had come to the beach for kelp.

Sometimes they passed between him and the fire; and finally they stood or crouched around it, as the wavering flames died down to a bright-red glow on the shore. To see them so near and so happy—it seemed to him that everybody was happy who was not paddling desperately in a frail skiff, against a relentless wind—to hear them singing and shouting, so wholly unconscious of him in his distress, was intolerable agony.

"Oh, why can't they hear?" he exclaimed, in a voice to the last degree hoarse with calling for help. "Why could n't they look this way once? Now it is too late!"

He was by that time greatly exhausted; for when not signaling and calling, he had been making frantic efforts to paddle the dory against the wind. At first he had used the oar-handle, but he found it wholly ineffectual. Then he had torn up one of the thwarts, but it was too short and too clumsy for his purpose; and though for a time he seemed to make headway, the distance from the shore was steadily increasing.

If he could have held the boat in its course, as with a pair of oars, he might have made progress even with that unwieldy paddle. But he lost time and strength in shifting it from side to side; and, spite of all he could do, the wind and the waves would now and then give the light, veering skiff a turn, and he would suddenly find himself paddling out to sea! However, those efforts prevented him from being blown speedily out of sight of land. And when the boys on the beach, after due preparation, stuck their ears of green corn on the sharpened ends of sticks and roasted them in the fire, he still kept the little group in view. He had no doubt that they were cooking their supper. No wonder he wept with despair at the contrast of that cheerful scene with his own terrible situation!

The fire faded to a red eye of burning coals; all other objects grew indistinct, excepting the black outline of the woods against the soft evening red of a rift in the sky, and one pure star brightening in those ethereal depths. Another starry beam, which he could plainly discern, but which was too low down for a star, Olly knew must be a light in one of the upper windows of the boarding-house.

Was it in Mr. Hatville's room? Had he returned and discovered the loss of his watch? And could poor Olly hope ever to make restitution and explanations? Suppose he should indeed be lost at sea! Would it not be believed that he had yielded to temptation and had purposely run away with the watch?

The danger his life was in was enough for the wretched boy, without this fear for his reputation.

had so lately felt in his new clothes. He no longer drew the watch proudly from his pocket; hardly once did he glance downward at the big seal and gold guard hooked in the button-hole of his vest—a hated sight to him now.

When all hope of reaching the shore against such a wind was gone, he still struggled to keep the dory within hailing distance of the yacht, when it should come beating up from the northeast.

But no yacht hove in sight; and if it passed, it must have been under the shadow of the shore. Clouds closed again over the one bright star and the patch of silver light in the west. The utter desolation of night lay about him on the lonely, weltering waters. All along the coast now he could see occasional lights—the lights in happy dwellings; but on the seaward side, only a faint gleam showed the line where sky and ocean met. There were no sounds but the ceaseless turmoil of the billows, the frequent slapping of a wave under the flat-bottomed boat, and his own fitful sobs.

His last hope lay in crossing the track of some



"HE MADE FRANTIC EFFORTS TO PADDLE THE DORY AGAINST THE WIND."

He thought of his folks at home,—his mother and sisters, for his father was dead,—and he wondered if they would believe him capable of a folly so much greater than that he had in mind when he so innocently (as it seemed to him then, but not now) borrowed the bright bauble! And what would Amy Canfield think?

All vanity had been killed in him from the moment he found himself in actual peril. It made him sick at heart to remember the satisfaction he

coaster or fishing-craft that might pick him up. But could that occur before morning? And could he expect that his ill-managed dory would ride safely all night on the increasing waves? The strong wind off shore, meeting the ocean swells, was blowing up a heavy chop-sea that threatened a new danger. What a night was before him, at the best!

Suddenly his hat blew off, and disappeared immediately on the black waves.

The distant sails he had seen at first had vanished as the swift night shut down; but now he discerned two dim lights in different directions, evidently far away.

He was gazing after them, and looking anxiously for nearer lights or sails, when he was aware of a low, dark object just before him, rising from the deep. What could it be?—with something white flashing upon it! And what was the sound he heard?

"The Cow and Calf!" he exclaimed, with sudden excitement, almost as if he had seen a friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COW AND CALF.

"THE Old Cow" and "The Calf" are two enormous ledges lying not far asunder, within sight from the coast in clear weather. "The Cow" is never completely submerged; her bare brown back appears above the highest tides.

"The Calf" is not so fortunate; the sea must be very calm at high water, when it is not buried in the surf.

Near one end of it, to mark the position of the dangerous reef, a pole is anchored, rising out of the water with a slant that has gained for it the name of "The Calf's Tail." Often at high tide the tail only can be seen sticking out of the sea.

What Olly saw and heard was the billows combing over the end of one of those huge rocks. He wondered why he had not thought of them before; for it now occurred to him that if he could land on "The Old Cow," he might safely pass the night on her back, and be seen from the shore, or from some passing craft, in the morning.

But which of the ledges was he approaching? Familiar as their forms were to him, seen from the shore, he could not in his strange position, in the night, and amid the dashing waves, decide whether he was coming upon "The Old Cow" or "The Calf."

Trembling with fresh hope and fear, and padding cautiously, he strained his eyes in the darkness, to get the broad outline of the ledge against the faint sky-line. There was something awful in the sound of the surf on those desolate rocks. The surges leapt and fell, rushing along the reef and pouring in dimly-seen cataracts over the ledges, their loud buffets followed by mysterious gurglings and murmurings, which might well appall the heart of a wave-tossed boy.

The wind was blowing him on; but it was still in his power to pass the end of the rock, or drive his dory upon the windward side, where the ocean swells broke with least force. If he could only be

sure which rock it was! But he could distinguish nothing. All was as strange to him as if he had been adrift on the loneliest unknown sea in the world.

If it was "The Calf," then "The Tail" should be at the other end, and "The Old Cow" beyond. If "The Cow," "The Calf" must be in the other direction, and a little farther seaward; he might pass between the two.

He was getting used to his clumsy paddle; with it he kept his dory off as well as he could, but in a state of terrible anxiety, thinking his life might depend on what he should decide to do the next minute. He was still hesitating, when accident decided for him.

The skiff was headed to the wind, against which he continued to paddle, when suddenly a billow shot over a sunken projection of the ledge, smiting the end of the boat with a force that slung it half about in an instant.

Olly felt a small deluge of water dash over and drench him from behind. He was past thinking of his new clothes now; he thought of the dory. Even then it might have escaped capsizing if it had not met at the same instant a cross-wave, which tumbled aboard from the other side.

The two filled it so nearly that the water rushed cold across his knees; and he knew that nothing he could do would prevent the boat from sinking. Indeed, as the very next wave swept in, it settled on one side, and then slowly rolled over. To save himself, Olly sprang up, grasping first the uppermost rail, then clinging to the bottom of the overturned skiff, until another billow swept him off.

He was an accomplished swimmer, as I think I have said before; and now that skill stood him in good stead. In the first moment of his immersion he lost his bearings; but rising with a wave, he looked about him from its crest, and saw the little island not a hundred feet away.

He made for it at once, directing his course to a spot which the overleaping surge did not reach.

The waves were dashing all about the rock, to be sure; and to land safely upon it at any point would require not only vigilance, but good fortune.

I hardly know whether he was much frightened or not; he himself could not have told. He did not stop for a moment to reason about the situation, but obeying the mere instinct of self-preservation, he swam to the ledge.

He was lucky enough to find a spot where it sloped gently into the sea. He swam in on a wave, and as it subsided, he clung to the rock.

The broken surface of the rock was covered with barnacles, which cut his hands; but he held on. They also scratched his knees through his torn

clothing, as he climbed up to the smoother rocks above.

The slant to the water was such that he could not, in the darkness, judge of his elevation above the sea-level; nor could he determine, from that, whether he had been thrown upon "The Old Cow" or "The Calf."

Yet everything depended upon the answer to that question. If on the greater rock, he was comparatively safe; if on the smaller, his respite would be brief—he might expect the next tide to carry him off.

Groping about on the jagged summit, trying to identify the rock by its form, his foot plashed in a pool of water. He paused, startled by the thought that here was a means of deciding his fate.

No doubt, much sea-spray dashed upon the back even of "The Old Cow," in rough weather. But copious rains had succeeded the last gale; and so, if that little pool was on the large rock, the water

it held could not be very salt. If on the back of "The Calf," it was the leavings of the last tide. He felt that his doom was in the taste of that water.

He hesitated, heaving a sigh of dread; then he stooped quickly and put his hand into the pool. He lifted the wet fingers to his lips, and immediately grew faint—the water was bitterly salt.

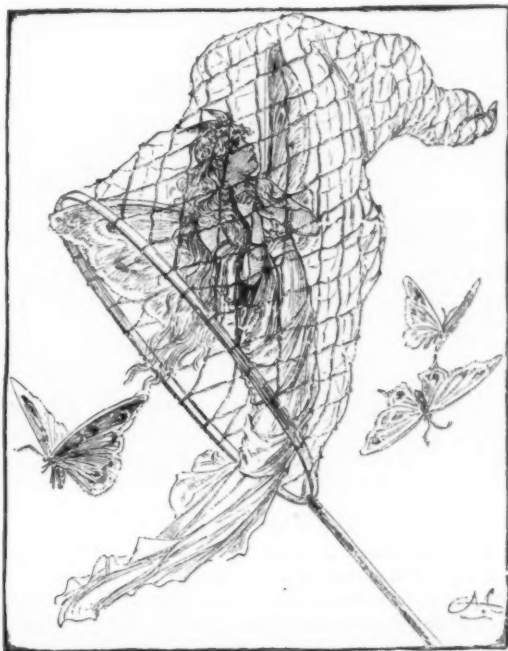
Still, after a little reflection, he would not give up all hope. The sea must have broken clear over "The Cow's" back, in the last storm; and the rain might have had little effect in freshening the contents of the basin. He thought of another test.

Barnacles live in the sea, or in receptacles of seawater replenished at every tide. If he was upon the back of "The Old Cow," the pool would be free from them; if on "The Calf," there would be the usual incrustations about its edges.

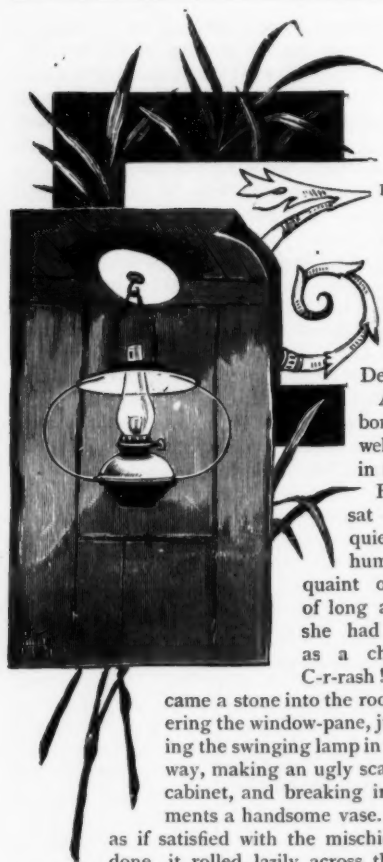
Once more he put down his groping hand; and then he uttered a despairing wail.

The barnacles were there!

(To be continued.)



A BELATED FAIRY.



AUNT DEBORAH'S LESSON.

BY G. H. BASKETTE.

HE good lands!" what's that!" excitedly cried frightened Aunt Deborah.

Aunt Deborah might well exclaim in surprise.

For as she sat knitting quietly and humming a quaint old tune of long ago, one she had learned as a child — C-r-rash! bang!

came a stone into the room, shivering the window-pane, just missing the swinging lamp in the hallway, making an ugly scar on the cabinet, and breaking into fragments a handsome vase. Then,

as if satisfied with the mischief it had done, it rolled lazily across the floor, and finally stopped under the table, an inert, jagged bit of granite.

Aunt Deborah, as the stone pursued its reckless course, placed her hands over her head, and shrank back into her chair, a frightened and unwilling witness to the destruction of her property. It was quite distressing.

Besides the nervous shock, there was the broken window; there was the cabinet showing a great white dent that could not easily be removed; and there, too, was the vase she had kept so many long years, lying shattered and ruined before her eyes.

Aunt Deborah was one of the best and most kind-hearted of women; but — she was human, and the sudden havoc wrought by the missile exasperated as well as frightened her. She rushed to the window and opened it in time to see three or four boys scampering down the street as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Oh, you young scapegraces!" she cried. "If I could once lay hold on you, would n't I teach you a lesson!"

But the boys never stopped until they had disappeared around a friendly corner. Aunt Deborah was so overcome by the accident, and so intent upon watching the retreating boys to whom she desired to teach a lesson, that she did not at first notice a barefooted lad standing under the window on the pavement below, holding a battered old hat in his hand, and looking up at her with a scared face and tearful eyes.

"Please, Miss," said the boy tremulously.

"Oh! Who are you? Who threw that stone at my window?" called out Aunt Deborah, as she spied him.

"Please, Miss," pleaded the boy, fumbling nervously his torn hat, "I threw it, but I did n't mean to do it."

"Did n't mean to do it, eh?" replied Aunt Deborah, fiercely. "I suppose the stone picked itself up and pitched itself through my glass!"

"I was going to throw it down the street, but Bill Philper touched my arm, and it turned and hit your window," he explained.

There was an air of frankness and truth about the boy, and the fact that he had not run away like the others (whom, somehow, Aunt Deborah held chiefly responsible for the outrage), caused her to relent a little toward him.

"Come in here," she said, after eying him closely for a moment.

The lad hesitated; but summoning all his courage, he went up the steps, and soon stood in her presence.

"Do you see that?" she said, pointing at the window — "and that" — (at the cabinet) — "and that?" — (at the broken vase) — "and that?" — (at the stone.) "Now, is n't that a fine performance?"

"I am very sorry," said the boy, the tears welling into his eyes again.

He looked ruefully about at the damaged articles, and glanced at the stone, wishing heartily that he had never seen it.

"Now, what's to be done about it?" asked she.

"I don't know, ma'am," said he, very ill at ease. "I will try to pay you for it."

"What can you pay, I should like to know?" she said, glancing at his patched coat and trousers and his torn hat.

"I sell papers," said he; "and I can pay you a little on it every week."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Sam Wadley," answered the boy.

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sam; "he's dead."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What does she do?" continued Aunt Deborah.

"She sews, and I help her all I can, selling papers."

"How can you pay me anything then?"

"Please, ma'am, I'll tell Mother all about it,

"Let me see." Aunt Deborah put on her spectacles and made a critical survey of the room. "Window—fifty cents; vase—one dollar—I would n't have had it broken for five!—That'll do—one dollar and a half. I shan't charge you for the dent in the furniture."

"I'll try to pay you something on it every week," said Sam. "There are some days when I don't make anything; but when I do, I'll save it for you."

"Very well," said Aunt Deborah; "you may go now."

He thanked her, and went slowly out, while



"THERE SAT AUNT DEBORAH EARNESTLY KNITTING." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and she'll be willing for me to pay you all I make."

"Well, now, we'll see if you are a boy to keep his word," said Aunt Deborah.

"How much must I pay?" Sam inquired anxiously.

Aunt Deborah began to pick up the fragments strewn over the floor.

"Oh, wait a moment!" she cried.

Sam came back.

"Take this stone out with you, and be careful what you do with it, next time," she said. "By

the way, if you wish to keep out of trouble, you'd better not keep company with that Flipper boy—" Aunt Deborah had a rather poor memory for names—"if I had him, would n't I give him a lesson!"

She uttered the last sentence with such a relish, that Sam was glad enough to get away. He was afraid she might conclude to bestow upon him the salutary lesson which she had proposed to give "Flipper," as she called him.

Sam hurried home as fast as he could. His mother, a pale, delicate woman whose wan features and sunken eyes showed the effects of too hard work, heard his simple tale, wiped away his tears and encouraged him in his resolve to pay for the damage he had done.

From that day, Sam began to be very diligent, and to earn pennies in every honest way possible to him. And every week he carried some small amount to Aunt Deborah.

"That boy has some good in him," she said when he had brought his first installment. And though she grew more kind toward him every time he came, occasionally giving him a glass of milk, a sandwich or a cake, she rarely failed to warn him against the influence of that "Flipper" boy.

His young companions laughed at him for paying his money to Aunt Deborah, and called him a coward for not running away when they ran; but all they said did not turn him from his purpose.

One evening he went with a cheerful heart to pay his last installment.

As he passed the window of the sitting-room he glanced in. There sat Aunt Deborah, earnestly knitting. The lamplight fell upon her sober face and Sam wondered if she ever looked really smiling and pleasant. "It does n't seem as though she would be so stiff with a fellow," he said to himself. Then, in response to her "Come in," he entered the room and handed her his money.

"I believe that is all, ma'am," said he.

"Yes, that pays the whole sum," said Aunt Deborah; "you have done well."

"I am still very sorry I have troubled you, and I hope you forgive me," he said.

"I do, with all my heart," said she earnestly.

"Thank you," said Sam, as he started out, picking his old hat from the floor, where he had placed it on entering.

"Come back," said Aunt Deborah, "I've something more to say to you."

With a startled look he turned into the room.

Aunt Deborah went to the cabinet and unlocked

it. She first took out a pair of new shoes, then half a dozen pairs of socks, some underclothing, two nice shirts, a neat woolen suit, and lastly a good felt hat.

"Sam," said she to the astonished lad, "I have taken your money, not because I wanted it, but because I wished to test you. I wished to see whether you really meant to pay me. That Flipper boy would never have done it, I am sure. You have done so well in bringing me your little savings that I have learned to like you very much. Now I wish to make you a present of these articles. In the pocket of this jacket you will find the money you have paid me. I would n't take a cent of it. It is yours. You must keep working and adding to it, so that you can soon help your mother more. Go to work now with a light heart, and grow up a true and an honest man. Tell your mother that I say she has a fine son."

In making this speech, Aunt Deborah's features relaxed into a pleasant smile; and Sam smiled too, and was so pleased that he could hardly utter his thanks.

"And mind you," continued she, suddenly changing the current of his thoughts, "don't associate with that Flipper boy!"

"Please, ma'am," said Sam, feeling a twinge of conscience that his former companion should bear so much of the blame, "you have been very kind to me, but Bill Philper did n't know the stone would turn as it did, and break your window."

"Then why did he run away?" inquired Aunt Deborah somewhat fiercely. "It's quite proper that you should try to excuse him, Sam; but I should like to teach him a good lesson?"

"You—you—have taught me a good lesson," said Sam, with a blushing face, "and I—I—thank you very much for it."

Aunt Deborah smiled benignly again, and warmly bidding Sam to come often to see her, she let him out at the door.

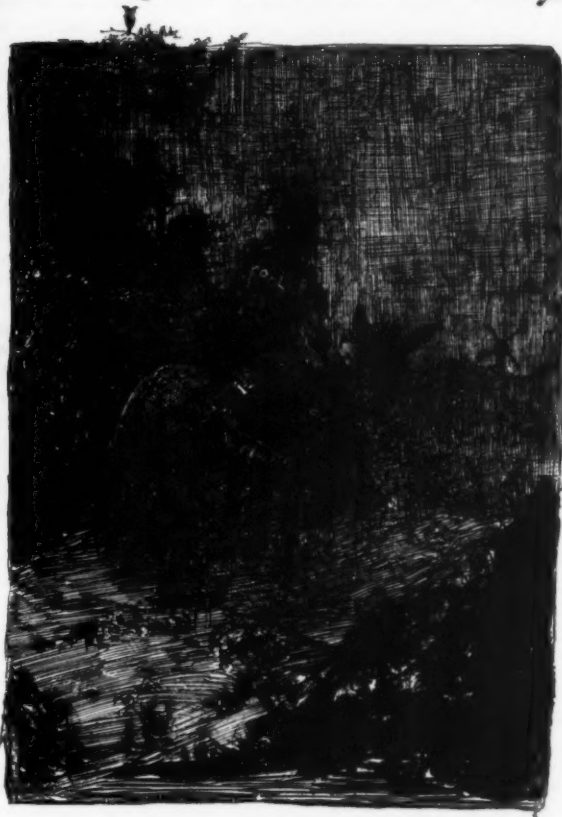
She felt very happy as Sam disappeared down the street, and he was very happy, as he hurried home with his great bundle, and told his mother all about it, which made that good woman very happy, too. So they were very happy all around.

And it all came about because Sam had stood up like a brave boy to confess his wrong, which is always manly; and had offered reparation for it, which is always right; and had gone forward, in spite of the taunts of his companions, denying himself pleasures and comforts in order to do that which he knew to be right, which is always heroic.

Of Timothy Timid and his happy thought:
these lines and pictures by A. Brennan.



Timothy Timid, they say,
Once traveled the loneliest way;
For he traveled by night
Lest he should take fright
At things he could see in the day.



READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

BOAT-BUILDING.



BOAT-BUILDING is by no means one of the "lost arts," although in this age of steam and iron, the "good old days" of the ship-builders are a thing of the past. Of late years, however, there has been a marked in-

crease in the trade, and although the work is confined principally to yachts and smaller craft, the steady growth of this branch of boat-building offers excellent inducements to any young man whose tastes lie in that direction.

I know of one boy at least, now sixteen years of age, who intends to fit himself during the next five or six years for the occupation; and his father, a prominent and highly successful naval architect, believes that there is a very promising future for American boat-building.

I take it for granted that the future boat-builder has, as a boy, been fond of boats. He has not only taken advantage of the rivers and ponds near his house, has navigated them in scow, in row-boat or in sail-boat, but I will suppose that, from the time he has been the owner of a jack-knife, he has been a constructor of toy boats. And, as he has grown older and become the possessor of a tool-chest, or, at least, of a gauge, a mallet, a saw, a plane, and a good knife, he has wrought out miniature cutters and schooners, possibly a square-rigged ship, all of which have been much admired by his young companions. If it has been his object in life to become a boat-builder, he could not have been better employed during the hours that have not been taken up with school duties.

In every business and profession there is some one object above all others sought after, upon which success may be said to depend. The orator endeavors to arouse our enthusiasm, the poet appeals to our sentiments, the lawyer to our reason, the clergyman to our conscience. The genius of the boat-builder lies in the one word "form." The one thing more than all others for which he aims to have a reputation is the ability to give a good shape to the mass of wood or iron coming from his hands, whether it be a man-of-war or a sail-boat. And so it was good for the boy that he made boats and models of boats. He was getting, as the naval architect would say, "form impressed upon his brain." It may have been, it probably was, a bad form, an incorrect form, but it was something from which to start. At all events, the boy has formed a speaking acquaintance with the occupation he is about to enter.

I shall assume that at the age of sixteen he has finished his school studies, has a good knowledge of arithmetic and algebra, and has gone through seven books in Euclid, with special reference to being proficient in the fourth and seventh books. Two years before this, we will suppose, he has expressed a desire to be a boat-builder. He has made a model of some kind of a boat, and he has, as occasions have permitted, visited such ship-yards as could be found in his vicinity, and carefully watched the men while they were at work. At last, at the age of sixteen, he enters the office of a thoroughly competent naval architect, who either is or has been a practical ship-builder. The naval architect stands in the same relation to ship-building that the architect of houses does to house-building, with this difference,—not only does he make the plan, but very often he executes it as well.

The beginner will find his quarters very pleasant. The room will be light, cheerful, and quiet. On the walls he will probably see pictures of famous yachts or other vessels; there will be a small library of technical books of reference, which he will have occasion to consult later on; there may be another student with whom he will chat now and then during the day; or his teacher, while they are at work, may give him some stirring bits of yachting reminiscence. I only mention this to show that there is none of that strict discipline to which the

boy has been accustomed at school. The fact is, it is not needed, for, to use the language of a well-known ship-builder, "it is a fascinating occupation; it grows upon you; and the longer you are in it, the better you like it, that is, of course, if you like boats and everything pertaining to them."

The boy will at first be given the drawing of a midship, or central, section of a boat, and required to put a body to it, to give it a bow, a stern—in short, to give to the boat its form. After working in that way for a while, he will make more extended plans, until he is able to make the full design of a vessel. He will remain with this naval architect for the space of a year; and, by that time, he should have acquired a very good knowledge of form.

It is a fact that boys in England who choose this occupation for their life-work can more easily obtain a thorough education in it than can be had by youths in our country. In England, and in France, Denmark, and other European countries, there are schools where special technical instruction is given, and many of these are close to large shipyards, where the practical work of ship-building can constantly be seen. The question now arises, therefore, shall the boy go to England and get the benefit of this instruction? It is by no means necessary that he should go there; but if he has begun to learn while young, he can spare the time, and his parents know whether they can spare the money which such a journey and residence would entail. If he decides to go, he will remain away for three or four years.

Suppose, however, it is decided that he can not go abroad. It has cost him for the year's instruction he has received from the naval architect, with whom he had been studying, about \$1000; or, he has given his services as a draughtsman, paid \$500, and during the twelve months has "picked up" such knowledge as he could without receiving any regular instruction. His case of drawing-instruments has cost him from \$50 to \$250, depending on the number of instruments, the manner in which they are finished and the style of the case in which they are kept. Let us assume that he has been a full-pay pupil. His time is, of course, his own. It would be a good plan, after he has acquired some theoretical knowledge of the business, to regularly visit a shipyard and there begin to do the practical work which falls to the lot of the boat-builder; studying in the office one-half the time and working in the yard the other half. Now you will see, as I observed before, that boat-building is a profession and a trade. It is possible to be simply a naval architect and only make designs for boats, but it is not advisable; it is better, by all means, to have the practical knowledge

which is obtained working among the men in the shipyard.

They do not now apprentice boys as they did some fifty years ago. I have before me an indenture paper of a ship-builder (now alive) dated in the year 1825. In it he promises "not to waste his master's goods; not to contract matrimony within the said term; not to play at cards, dice, or any unlawful game, nor frequent ale-houses, dance-houses, or play-houses, but in all things behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do during the said term." There are no such rules laid down nowadays. Perhaps all the boys are so good that none are needed. All that needs to be done now is for the boy to make his verbal agreement with the owner of the shipyard, and go to work.

And now a word or two as to this practical work which will cover the second method of learning boat-building as mentioned at the beginning of my paper. The boy who has not had the benefit of any previous training with an instructor may have to commence with turning the grindstone. The tools used in boat-building are in such constant use that they grow dull very soon, and the grindstone is kept going almost the whole of the day. Besides, the work being very heavy, the men generally work in couples, so that the learner when he is not turning the grindstone is assisting in lifting the heavy timbers that have to be used. The first tool he is generally permitted to use is the saw; then he begins to use the adze; then he is trusted with the ax, and helps get out the planking and timber for the frame of the ship.

Then comes the difficult part of construction. The apprentice must have learned all this work with the tools (of which I am only able to make a passing mention), before he comes to the constructive part; that is, the part that our pupil has been studying with the naval architect.

Before the building of the ship is commenced, a small wooden model is made, to give the owner and the builder an idea of what she is going to look like.

"A little model the master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man."

Doubtless, you have seen such models. They are built sometimes on a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot; they are made of pieces of cedar and pine wood, placed alternately, and show the shape and whole arrangement of one side of the vessel. This model is glued, on its flat side, to a piece of board, for greater convenience in examination.

From this model, "life-size" plans of the ship are made with chalk on the floor of a long, wide room, like a big garret, which is used especially for

this purpose. It will not be necessary to enter into a technical description of these plans. There are three of them,—the sheer plan, the half-breadth plan, and the body plan. They show the position of the different planks to be used in the construction of the ship. To gain a rough idea of these plans, take a cucumber, decide which you will call the bottom and which the top, and cut it in the middle, lengthwise, from end to end. Look into its interior and fancy that it is covered with lines, both horizontal and vertical—and that will give you a very rough idea of the sheer plan. By laying the cucumber on its side and cutting it lengthwise, you will have a notion of the half-breadth plan. A division in the middle (cutting it in two parts, so that you can see the whole circumference) may suggest to you the body plan. This can not be made very clear, not even with drawings, because it is the most technical part of the work; but its object is apparent. From these three plans, taken from different points of view, the boat-builder can locate the position of every piece of plank in his vessel. So true is this that I understand it is possible to number the planks of a ship, and send them off to some distant country, where a ship-builder can construct the vessel without ever having seen the design.

A great deal of calculation and figuring enters into this part of the work, but much of it has been made easy by the aid of a man (now dead, I believe) named Simpson, the author of what are called "Simpson's Rules." These rules are incorporated in small pocket handbooks which contain, in addition, a large number of tables, rules, and formulas pertaining to naval architecture. The most popular handbook of this character in England is said to be "Mackrow's Naval Architect and Ship-builders' Assistant," and in our country, "Haswell's Engineers' Pocket-book of Tables." These, however, are only aids in making calculations, and are very much like the interest tables you have probably seen, which save the trouble of going through the figuring in detail. There are a great many books which will be interesting and valuable to the young ship-builder. To give you some idea of their character, I copy

the following from the table of contents of a recent standard work: "The displacement and buoyancy of ships;" "The oscillations of ships in still water;" "The oscillation of ships among waves;" "Methods of observing the rolling and pitching motions of ships;" "The structural strength of ships," etc.

These titles may not at present indicate a very promising literary feast, but when the young boat-builder has mastered the rudiments of the technical part of the profession, he will read and re-read such productions with as much pleasure as he now peruses the stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

I have not entered into the details of iron ship-building, the practical part of which the boy will learn in the same yard in which he learns to work in wood; for it is presumed that he is going to some large yard to obtain his instruction. Indeed, in this occupation it is the practical part that is the easiest and the most interesting to young learners. They are apt to slight the theoretical knowledge required and to long to spend their time in the shipyard with real tools, doing real work, for a real ship. With the boy who, through force of circumstances, has to enter on the life of a journeyman and earn wages, there is more excuse for hastening to that branch of the work than for the lad who is better situated in life. The journeyman will learn construction last and from his master. Under the plan I have suggested, the other lad will learn the general principles of construction before he goes to the shipyard; at least he will not have to commence with turning the grindstone. His first few visits will be confined to watching the men at their work; then he will gradually make himself familiar with the use of the different tools.

The journeyman will receive at first \$1 a day; during the second year, \$1.50 a day, and be gradually advanced until he receives the regular wages, at the present time from \$3 to \$3.25 a day. It would not be advisable to make any estimate of the profits of boat-building as a business, for, no matter what they are now, by the time my young reader has started a shipyard, they may be entirely different, owing to the increase or decrease in the cost of material and labor.





"THIS LITTLE FIG WENT TO MARKET."

WHAT IT WAS.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

OH, they were as happy as happy could be,
Those two little boys who were down by the sea,
As each with a shovel grasped tight in his hand,
Like a sturdy young laborer dug in the sand !

And it finally happened, while looking around,
That, beside a big shell, a small star-fish they found,—
Such a wonderful sight, that two pairs of blue eyes
Grew large for a moment with puzzled surprise.

Then—"I know," said one, with his face growing bright,
"It's the dear little star that we've watched every night ;
But last night, when we looked, it was nowhere on high,
So, of course, it has dropped from its home in the sky !"



CAPTAIN JACK'S FOURTH-OF-JULY KITE.

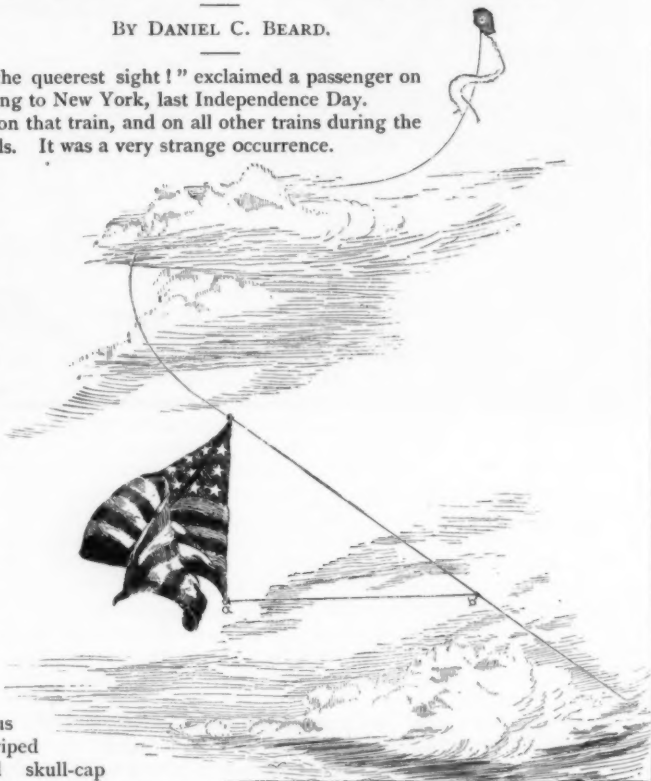
BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

"WELL, if that is n't the queerest sight!" exclaimed a passenger on the cars going from Flushing to New York, last Independence Day.

And all the passengers on that train, and on all other trains during the day, echoed the same words. It was a very strange occurrence.

Away up in the blue sky, and all alone, like a new declaration of independence, fluttered that soul-stirring piece of bunting, the stars and stripes. Not a sign of pole or support of any kind could the sharpest eye discern; and yet, as steadily as if fixed on the dome of the national capitol, it waved its gay stripes in the joyous breeze. It was a very mysterious flag.

There was, however, one individual who was both able and willing to clear away the mystery—a certain jovial man who, on the morning of that particular day, sat in exceedingly airy attire on the front porch of the boat-house of the Nereus Boat Club. As his striped shirt, knee-breeches, and skull-cap indicated, Captain Jack Walker was an oarsman.



He afterward explained to his faithful crew that he had gone to the boathouse early that morning, and while there had been struck with a novel idea. The result of that idea was the mysterious flag which was waving over the salt marsh by Flushing Bay, and was puzzling the brains of many good citizens.

Fastened to the top of the flagpole of the club's boat-house was the end of a piece of hempen twine. By following that piece of twine, which ran away into space at an angle of sixty degrees, the eye came at length to the floating flag. By looking closely, moreover, one could gradually discern that from the flag the twine ran up five or six hundred feet higher to a tiny kite—tiny, as seen away up there in the blue ether; but, in fact, a monster kite.

Captain Jack had first sent up that great kite which some one had left at the boathouse, and had let it out five or six hundred feet; then he took a flag about five feet long, which belonged to one of the boats, and fastened

the upper end of its stick firmly to the kitemstring. He next broke the lower end of the flagstick so as to leave a short projection (*a*), just long enough for him to fasten a piece of twine to it.

Then he again let the kite out, and also the string he had attached to the lower end of the flagstick. As soon as the flagstick was vertical, the line *a, b* (see preceding page) was knotted securely to the kitemstring at *b*. All that was necessary then was to let out about five hundred feet more twine, and Cap-

tain Jack's Fourth-of-July kite was soon gayly flying. There was to be a regatta that afternoon, however, and the gallant oarsman could not sit idly holding a kitemstring in his hand. So he hauled down the boat club's flag, tied the kitemstring to the flag-halyards and then hoisted both flag and kitemstring to the top of the flagpole; and so his Fourth-of-July banner floated serenely in the sky all day long,—a beautiful sight, and an object of much surprise and wonder to all who saw it.

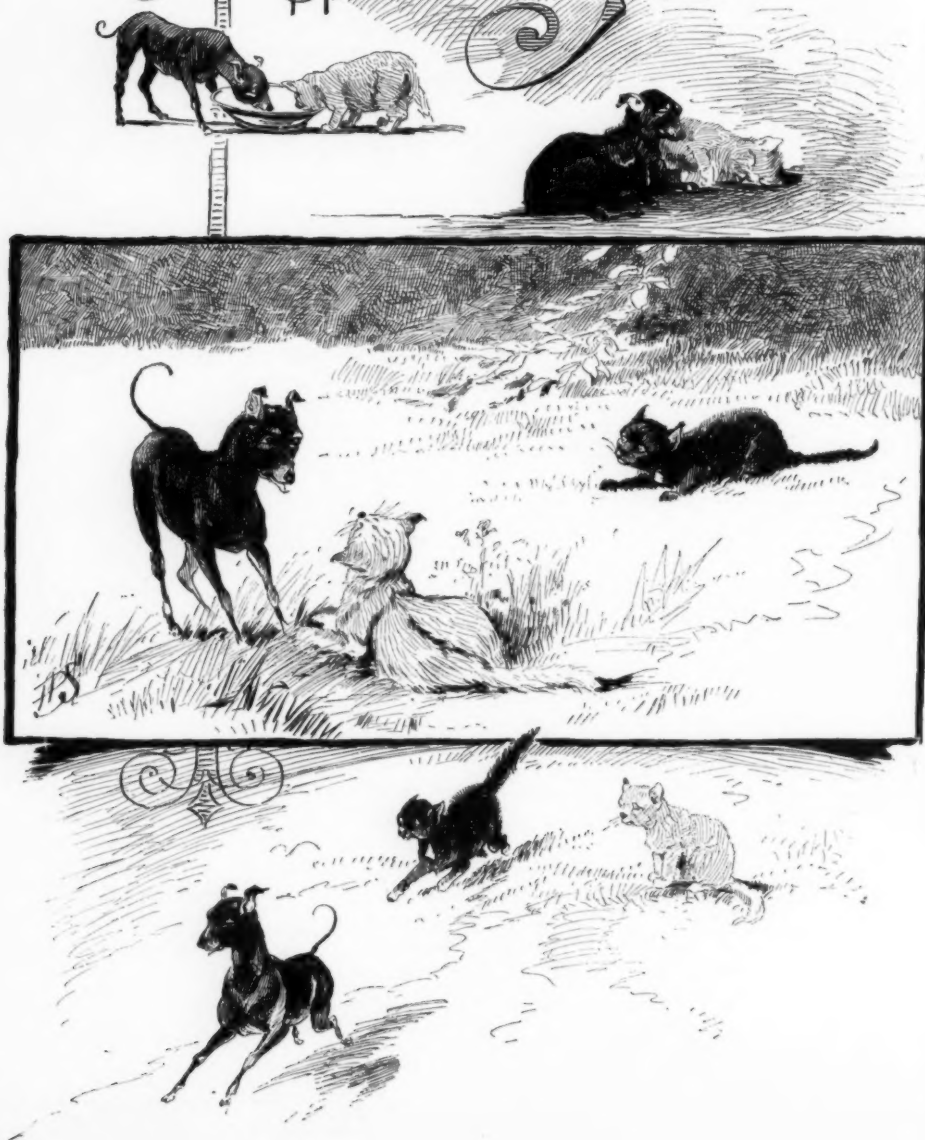
IF.

If I had a big kite,
With a very short tail,
And a very stout cord,—
And there came a great gale,—

I'd hold fast to the string,
And away we would fly,
I and my kite,
Up, up to the sky!



Tippie and Jimmie:



TIPPIE AND JIMMIE.

BY MARY L. FRENCH.

TIPPIE and Jimmie had come over to play with Ajax. Tip's whole name is Tippecanoe. The boys call him a black and tan, but Bessie calls him a darling. He has a little black shining nose that he is always sticking into everything, and a little smooth, tapering tail that he is always wagging. Jimmie's name is James Stuart; he is a little Maltese kitten, with gentle blue eyes, and soft fur that is always ready to be smoothed, and claws that are never used where they can hurt, and a purr that is always wound up.

Tippie and Jimmie live together, and eat together, and are the best of friends.

Ajax is the kitten that lives next door. He is jet black, excepting a little white spot where his cravat should have been tied. And he has a long black tail that often waves over his back like a banner. He has large green eyes that snap and shine when he plays, and he has just begun to look for mice.

One day Tippie and Jimmie came around to the kitchen door of the house where Ajax lived, and looked in.

They could not see Ajax, so Jimmie began to climb up the screen door, sticking his claws into the holes. He had not climbed far before the lady of the house saw him, and she said:

"Here's Jimmie looking for Ajax. Come, Ajax, where are you?"

Ajax was asleep on the lounge, but he jumped up and came running to the door, for he comes when he is called, "quicker than any of the other children," Mamie says.

He touched noses with Jimmie, and then he took his visitors around to the front porch. There, he and Jimmie leaped upon a chair and shook their paws at Tippie, who was on the floor. Then Tippie got upon another chair, and Ajax ran under it and reached up to play with him.

It really seemed as if they knew how pretty they looked. After a while, they all three had a good

race up and down, over chairs, under chairs, and through chairs. Sometimes Ajax stood on the back of a chair and poked his paw at Tippie, and sometimes he ran to the top of a high rocking-chair and jumped down to the porch railing. Jimmie was not so venturesome, however.

Soon they grew tired of such play, and then they rushed out-of-doors, and down upon the grass. There, Tippie began to tease Jimmie. He pushed him over, and stepped upon him, and nosed him, and even bit him gently, till Jimmie suddenly cried out, "Meow-ow-ow!"

Ajax had been quietly looking on, with a shade of contempt on his handsome countenance; but when he heard that appeal, he rushed at Tippie and pushed him away from Jimmie and scratched him, and chased him from one end of the yard to the other, two or three times.

When they stopped to rest after their run, Ajax settled himself comfortably on the grass, perfectly quiet, except for the tip of his tail, which moved just a little. Tippie watched that tail with longing. He danced around and around Ajax. He pranced forward and skipped back, and practiced all his dancing-steps, before he dared touch it. At last he boldly rushed upon it, and a moment later Ajax held him fast around the neck, and with heads close together, and smothered growls of happiness, the cat and the dog were rolling over and over. Then, they suddenly let go, and stood half a foot apart, glaring at each other for a second, before they rushed together again, and went through the whole frolic once more.

Mamie and Herbert had seen it all while building ships, in the side yard, and as they watched the grand closing scene, Herbert, in the tone of an oracle, announced,

The Moral:

"It is good to be good-natured, but bad to be imposed upon."

NUMBER ONE.

BY CHARLES R. TALBOT.

"I TELL you," said Robbie, eating his peach,

And giving his sister none,

"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

VOL. XIII.—45.

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,

"But the counting should be begun

With the *other one* instead of yourself,—

And *he* should be Number One."

AMUSING THE BABY.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

A SUDDEN tumult arose one day,
 In the nursery overhead.
 'T was like wild horses a-galloping there,
 Or a whole procession led.
 Nursie, with face of terror,
 Deserted her cup of tea,
 And rushed up the stair, in a state of despair,
 To see what the noise might be.

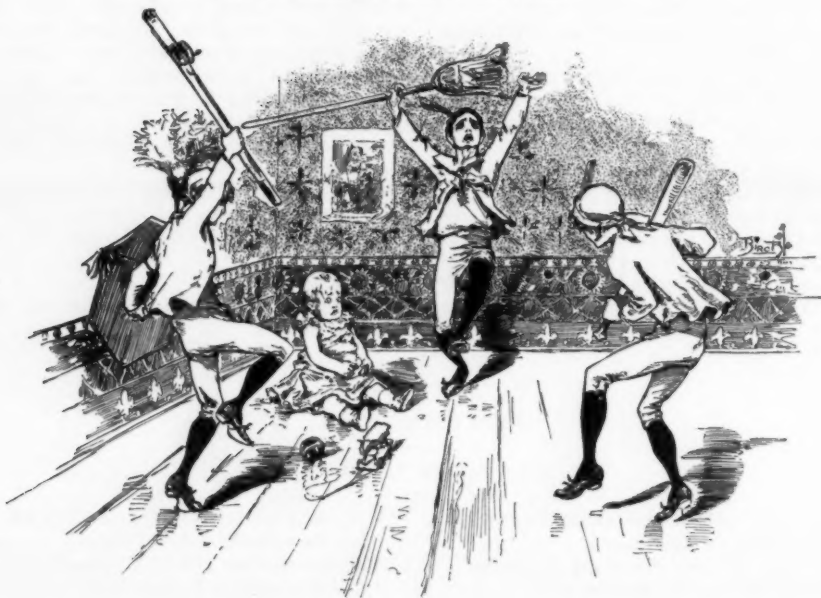
She found in the room three Zulu chiefs
 Prancing across the floor.
 Their faces beamed, as they danced and screamed,
 And their arms waved more and more.
 In a corner sat Ted, the baby,
 Silent and pale with fright :
 "We 're amusing the baby—Oh, Nurse, come and see!"
 Cried the Zulus in great delight.

"Oh, horrors!" cried Nursie in anger,
 Rushing to poor little Ted.

"To go on that way, such *ridic-u-lous* play!—
 'T will put the child out of his head!"

—With expressions of injured goodness,
 Stood Dudley, and Gordon, and Fred,

"Why, Nursie, how mean!—We should think you 'd have seen,
 We 're amusing the baby!" they said.



THE BROWNIES IN THE MENAGERIE.

BY PALMER COX.

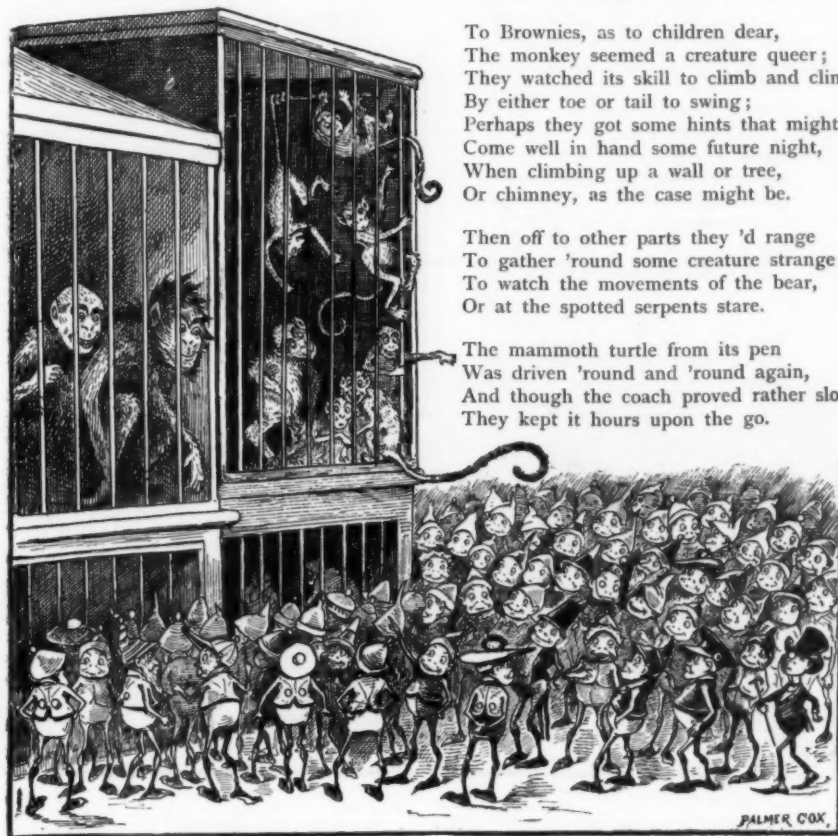
THE Brownies heard the news with glee,
That in a city near the sea
A spacious building was designed
For holding beasts of every kind.
From polar snows, from desert sand,
From mountain peak, and timbered land,

Less time it took the walls to scale
Than is required to tell the tale.
The art that makes the lock seem weak,
The bolt to slide, the hinge to creak,
Was theirs to use as heretofore,
With good effect, on sash and door;
And soon the band stood face to face
With all the wonders of the place.

To Brownies, as to children dear,
The monkey seemed a creature queer;
They watched its skill to climb and cling,
By either toe or tail to swing;
Perhaps they got some hints that might
Come well in hand some future night,
When climbing up a wall or tree,
Or chimney, as the case might be.

Then off to other parts they 'd range
To gather 'round some creature strange;
To watch the movements of the bear,
Or at the spotted serpents stare.

The mammoth turtle from its pen
Was driven 'round and 'round again,
And though the coach proved rather slow
They kept it hours upon the go.



The beasts with claw and beasts with hoof,
All met beneath one slated roof.
That night, like bees before the wind,
With home in sight, and storm behind,
The band of Brownies might be seen,
All scudding from the forest green.

Said one, "Before your face and eyes
I 'll take that snake from where it lies,
And like a Hindoo of the East,
Benumb and charm the crawling beast,
Then twist him 'round me on the spot
And tie him in a sailor's knot."

Another then was quick to shout,
 "We'll leave that snake performance out!
 I grant you all the power you claim
 To charm, to tie, to twist and tame;
 But let me still suggest you try
 Your art when no one else is nigh.
 Of all the beasts that creep or crawl
 From Rupert's Land to China's wall,
 In torrid, mild, or frigid zone,
 The snake is best to let alone."

Against this counsel, seeming good,
 At least a score of others stood.
 Said one, "My friend, suppress alarm.
 There's nothing here to threaten harm.
 Be sure the power that mortals hold
 Is not denied the Brownies bold."

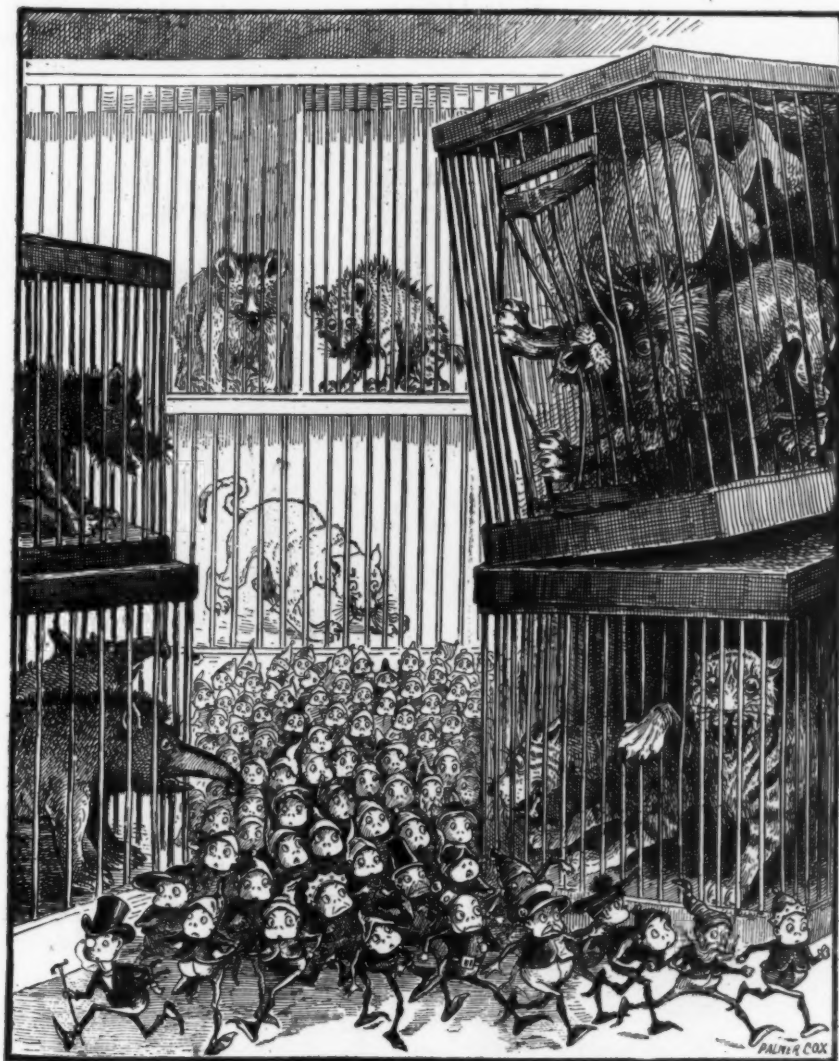
So from the nest, without ado,
 A bunch of serpents soon they drew.
 And harmlessly as silken bands
 The snakes were twisted in their hands.
 Some hauled them freely 'round the place;
 Some braided others in a trace;

Around the sleeping lion long
 They stood an interested throng,
 Debating o'er its strength of limb,
 Its heavy mane or visage grim.



And every knot to sailors known,
 Was quickly tied, and quickly shown.
 Thus 'round from cage to cage they went,
 For some to smile, and some comment
 On Nature's way of dealing out
 To this a tail, to that a snout
 Of extra length, and then deny
 To something else a fair supply.

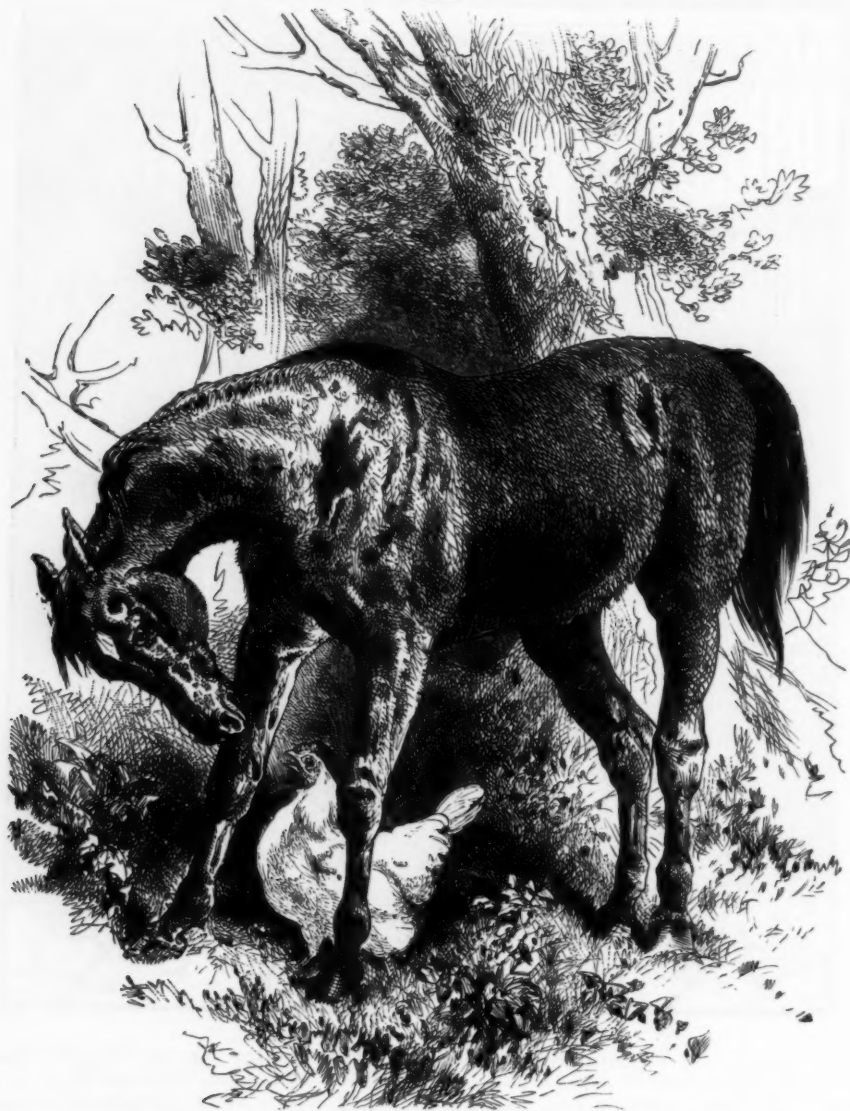
But when the bear and tiger growled,
 And wolf and lynx in chorus howled,
 And starting from its broken sleep,
 The monarch rose with sudden leap,
 And, bounding round the rocking cage,
 With lifted mane, it roared with rage,
 And thrust its paws between the bars,—
 Until it seemed to shake the stars,



A panic seized the Brownies all,
And out they scampered from the hall,
As if they feared incautious men
Had built too frail a prison pen;

And though the way was long and wild,
With obstacles before them piled,
They never halted in their run
Until the forest shade they won.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE BOY.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell little boys and girls about my two pets. One is a hen. She lives all alone, and leaves her coop every night, and goes in the barn, and flies up on old Jim's back, and sleeps there all night. Old Jim is a horse. Old Jim has a blanket for cold nights. It is an old

one, and there is a hole in it on the top, and the old hen walks all around till she finds that hole, and puts her feet in there where it is warm, and there we find her every morning.

My other funny pet is an old cat, named Catharine. She has only three feet, but I liked her just as well as I ever did, till last summer, when one morning we found the bird-cage door pushed in, and the bird was gone. We have another cat. We don't know but the bird flew away; but who pushed the door in? I don't like any cats so well now. Your friend,

RALPH.



THIS little dog never did like cats. His name is "Dude." He wears a fine collar, and he always likes to look neat and clean. But he can not look nice after the cats see him, for they will not let him alone. They do not like him, and when he walks out on the street they run up to him and scratch his smooth coat, and spoil his clean collar, and pull his long ears out of curl, and tease him, and push him about; and then they run away before he can catch them. So "Dude" hates cats, and will not go near them any more. How funny he looks! I do believe he sees a cat now! How wide open his eyes are! He does not like to run away, but I think he will run if it is a cat that he sees. Don't you?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT :

If I drum in the house,
 "Oh, what a noise you make!"
 Sighs Mamma. "Baby 'll wake!"
 If in the garden green
 I drum, our Bridget cries:
 "Ye 'll mak' me spile the pies
 And cakes! I can not think!
 That droom destroys me wit!
 Be off, me b'y,—or quit!"

If I drum in the street,
 Out comes Miss Peters, quick,
 And says her ma is sick;
 Or Doctor Daniel Brown
 Calls from his window: "Bub,
 That dreadful rub-a-dub
 Confuses my ideas.
 My sermon is not done.
 Run on, my little son!"

The creeps crawl up my back
 When I am still, and oh,
 Nobody seems to know
 How very tired I get
 Without some sort of noise,
 Such as a boy enjoys!

Last summer, on the farm,
 I used to jump and shout,
 For Grandpa Osterhout
 And Grandma both are deaf.
 But soon some neighbors came
 And said it was a shame,
 The way I scared them all.
 They called my shouts "wild yells,"
 And asked if I had "spells"
 Or "fits, or anything."

You see, grown people all
 Forget they once were small.

Now, is n't there one place
 Where "wriggley" tired boys
 Can make a stunning noise
 And play wild Injun-chief,
 And Independence-day,
 And not be sent away?
 Or was that place left out?
 Dear Jack, please tell me true;
 I've confidence in you.

Your friend without end,

TOMMY.

This is a very touching epistle, my hearers, and Tommy has my hearty sympathy. There must be such a place as he is looking for, though the Deacon says that in the course of a long life he has never happened upon the exact locality. According to the Little School-ma'am, too, it is not described in any of the geographies; but she says that, for the sake of all concerned, it is very desirable that the missing paradise of little drummer boys should be discovered;—to which the Deacon adds, "Perhaps that's why the grown folk wish to find the North Pole."

While we are upon this subject, here is a letter describing some tiny drummers that make almost as much noise as patriotic youngsters, and do quite as much mischief. To his credit, however, it must be said that this other small musician only makes his appearance as a drummer once in seventeen years. Is he bent on setting an example, I wonder? He is called

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

DEAR JACK: The seventeen-year locust is n't a locust at all. This may seem a strange thing to say, but it is true, nevertheless. The locust looks very much like a grasshopper, while the seventeen-year cicada, which is the insect's proper name, looks a great deal more like a gigantic fly than anything else.

There is a cicada which comes every year, and is also wrongly called a locust. Anybody who has been in the country about harvest-time has heard the shrill noise made by this cicada and probably has come upon his cast-off shell sticking to a fence-rail or a tree-trunk.

The seventeen-year cicada is a cousin of the one-year chap; though, as he comes only once in every seventeen years, he is probably only a far-away cousin. Fancy spending the best part of your life prowling about in the darkness underground and then coming up into the sunlight with a gorgeous pair of wings, only to die in a short time!

That is what the seventeen-year cicada does. In the very first place, it is an egg which its mother deposits in a tiny hole in a twig. In a few weeks it makes its way out of the egg and drops to the ground, into which it burrows, and in which it remains for nearly seventeen years before it is prepared for life above ground.

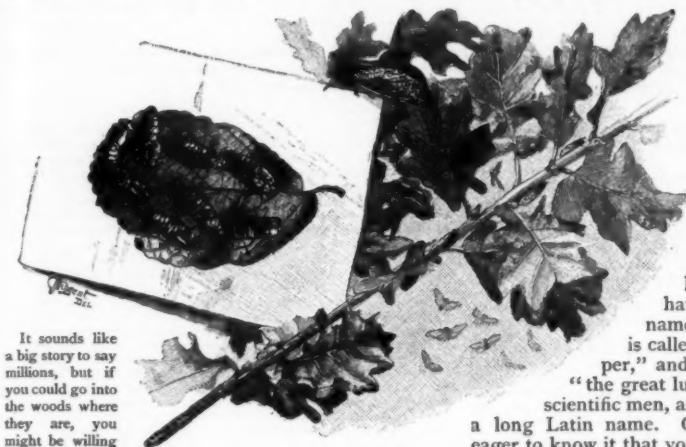
When, at last, it is ready for the bright sunlight, it may be one foot from the surface or it may be ten feet deep in the ground. In either case it begins to dig upward until it finds its way out, when it climbs up the nearest tree and fastens itself by its sharp claws to a leaf or twig. There it waits until its back splits open, and behold! it immediately crawls out of itself, so to speak.

The new insect is a soft, dull fellow at first, but he grows as if he had been storing up energy for seventeen years for just that one purpose. Within an hour, two pairs of most beautiful wings have grown, and in a few hours more it has become hard and active.

The female cicadas are quiet enough, but the males are as noisy as so many little boys with new drums. Indeed, they do have drums themselves. Just under their wings are drums made of shiny membrane as beautiful as white silk, and these are kept rattling almost all the time.

One cicada can make noise enough; but imagine the din of millions of them all going at the same time. It sounds as if all the

frogs in the country had come together to try to drown the noise of a saw-mill. Now it is the saw-mill you hear, and now the frogs.



It sounds like a big story to say millions, but if you could go into the woods where they are, you might be willing to say billions. I

have counted over a thousand cast-off shells on one small tree, and on one birch leaf I have seen twelve shells. And the earth in some places is like a sieve from the holes made by the cicadas as they came out.

But within a few weeks from the insects' first appearance their eggs have been laid and the cicadas have all died. A great many of them are eaten by the birds and chickens, but most of them simply can not live any longer.

Yours truly,
JOHN R. CORVELL.

"THE GREAT LUBBER LOCUST."

As IT appears from Mr. Coryell's letter that the seventeen-year cicada is only an imitation locust, I shall give you a portrait of another member of the family who is, perhaps, more nearly related to the insect he is named after. At all events, he is certainly more like a grasshopper than is the seventeen-year cicada. The grasshopper that lives in this part of the world is a fine fellow to hop, as you know, but he always lights on his feet, and looks as composed and as much at his ease as if he had walked to the spot in the most dignified manner.

Well, now look at this picture! See one absurd fellow lying on his back and pawing the air with



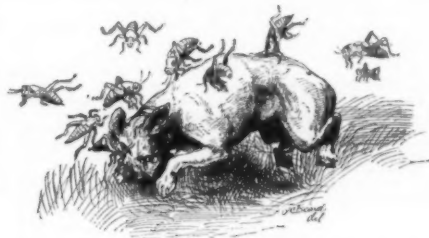
all his long legs, and another, like a circus clown, standing on his own foolish green head. Would you think these awkward and ridiculous creatures bore any relationship to the grave little hoppers

who gently alight on your clothes as you run through the grass, stop a moment to stare at you with their great goggle eyes, and then take leave without saying "good-morning"?

He is no less than a cousin, I assure you, from the Far West, the great plains where few beasts, birds, or insects can find enough to live upon. This fellow does not suffer for food; he is the biggest of his family in America, and his curious performances have brought him several names. By some people he is called "the clumsy grasshopper," and by others he is dubbed "the great lubber locust," while by the scientific men, as usual, he has been given a long Latin name. Of course, you will be so eager to know it that you will wish to find it out for yourselves!

THE DOG AND THE QUEER GRASSHOPPERS.

By the way, a story is told of a dog that was fond of snapping up grasshoppers, and eating them. In one of his journeys with his master, he chanced to fall among those queer grasshoppers—the lubber locusts. As he ran along through the grass, his feet started up hundreds of the clumsy fellows,



and, in trying to jump out of his way, they came down in groups upon him, as you see in the picture. Some stood on their heads upon his back; others turned somersaults over his ears, and a few struck him full in the face. Besides being impertinent they were very large, each two or three times the size and weight of one of our modest little hoppers. So poor Tom was first annoyed, and then scared. One or two, or even half a dozen, he could eat up or drive away, but a hundred were too many, and at last Tom dropped his head and tail and ran for his life, while his master scolded, and his master's friend laughed at the droll sight of a big dog running away from grasshoppers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

If C. F. H. will send us her address, we shall gladly forward to her a number of letters sent us by readers of ST. NICHOLAS, in answer to her query.

LA CRESCENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS about "Our Joe," I thought some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers would be interested in hearing about *our* Joe. *Our* Joe is a Broncho pony that belonged to Rain-in-the-face, a chief in one of Sitting Bull's bands. When the ponies were taken and driven down in a drove, *Our* Joe got loose from the others and was caught somewhere near here. His name was Joe, but when Papa brought him home and we saw how little he was, we called him Little Joe, and when we rode him he went so easy we named him Little Joe Dandy.

We have a little red cart we call the dump, to drive him in. He is such a funny little fellow that everybody has to take a second look at him. I am five feet tall, and his shoulders are not quite as high as mine; his hair in winter is as thick and long as a buffalo's; his tail touches the ground, and his mane hangs far down on his shoulders, and is always stuck full of burrs in summer. His color is iron-gray, if it's anything, but it's hard to tell what color he is. I had my picture taken on horseback, and he looks as if he was about ready to fall asleep, but he has life in him if he takes a notion to go! He is mean to the boys. He picked my brother up by the shoulder and shook him, and one day he kicked Papa.

There was a pair of them—*Our* Joe and a Little Buckskin. The Buckskin would bunt his head against Joe, as a signal to go, and then they would make things fly! Every one who knew the pony before we got him says he was so ugly, it was dangerous to go around him; but he is the kindest little fellow to us. If I go out in the pasture where he is, he will follow me everywhere I go. We think the world of him. Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, your constant reader,

H. C.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Chicago, where the boys play marbles almost all the time in the spring. I am a fairly good player. I have six hundred and four. I hope the boys who read ST. NICHOLAS will try to get as many marbles.

Yours truly,

CHESHIRE S.

CITY OF MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old, and live alone with my father, who is a Baptist missionary. I have a mother, and little brother, and two sisters, living in the States.

I have learned to spell the names of three places that I can see from our roof. They are Chapultepec, and Popocatepetl, and Ixcaciuatl.

There are lots of strange things here. We never slide downhill here, because there is no snow. I like ST. NICHOLAS, especially the "Brownies."

EDWINA S.

B—A. N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over our old ST. NICHOLAS we found, in the January number for 1883, a piece entitled, "Puppets and Puppet Shows," and as it struck our fancy, we agreed to try it. After several attempts, we succeeded in obtaining very good figures. With a little ingenuity and the plans of three busy brains, we arranged an excellent screen and scenery; then, with two of us to work and one to read, the puppets were set in motion. Our audience, though not large, was an appreciative one, and the show was a grand success. The puppets were carefully placed in a box, and will be kept for another entertainment.

Last summer we girls made a twine house in our orchard. A couple of cows strayed in one afternoon and ran through the house, and the chickens dug up a number of the morning-glories; but, in spite of these obstacles, a great many happy hours were spent in the house.

We wait impatiently from one month to another for your pleasant magazine, and we remain,

Your interested readers,

"PUSS-IN-BOOTS,"

"CARABAS,"

"CORSANDO,"

CAMILLA VAN KLEECK: The article you wish is entitled "Lady Bertha," and was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1880.

EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year I have ever taken you and the first year I have ever lived on a farm. I enjoy reading your stories and enjoy living on a farm. When I lived in the city I could not have as many pets as I can out here. Neither should I have had you. You are sent us through the kindness of a Mr. Ames, to whom I should like to extend my thanks through your columns. I also wish to thank you for making your pages so interesting to us boys and girls. Yours truly,

W. S. B.

ST. LOUIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and I like it very much. I take it for my little sister now, but always read it first myself, and enjoy it very much, and so does my little sister. I send it to her by mail after I am through with it.

I have been making my own living for five years, and I do not get much time to read. I almost always read the ST. NICHOLAS going and coming from work, as I have to take the street-car.

Seven years ago, I came from Sweden and could not speak a word of English, but now everybody takes me for an American.

There is some splendid coasting and skating in Sweden, but I do not think the young people here would enjoy going to boarding-school there; at least, not the one I went to. They are very strict. For instance, once when I did not know my lesson, I had to stay up until 12 o'clock that night and study it by moonlight, without having had a bit of supper; and the next morning, instead of my breakfast, I had to stand in the center of the dining-room and watch the others eat. I intend to write a story when I get older, and relate my experience there.

I should feel very proud if you would print this letter, as it is the first one I have written to you.

Yours truly,

Jo.

MAY BRIDGES: The address which you desire is "The Art Interchange, 37 West 22d street, New York City, N. Y."

McGREGOR, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live about a mile from the "Great Father of Waters." I can not see the river from my home, but as I go to school in McGregor I can see it every day.

McGregor is a small town of about 2000 inhabitants. It is nestled in among the hills, and some people think it a very pretty place; indeed, some think it ought to be a summer resort.

About a mile and a half from here is the highest bluff on the Mississippi, called Pike's Peak. I suppose it is named after the famous Pike's Peak in Colorado. From it there is a very lovely view. We can see the mouth of the Wisconsin River, the State of Wisconsin, and a great distance up and down the Mississippi. The river is full of islands near here.

Believe me your loving reader,

BESSIE B. L.

L. M.: You can obtain the information you wish, by referring to article "Iamblichus" in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year we have taken you; at least, the second year since I can remember. We took you some years ago, and then stopped, and started again two years ago. When Papa told us each to vote for which paper we wanted last year, I think we all voted for you, and take you again this year. I look forward to your coming with delight. I must confess I am selfish about it, for I always try to get you first.

This is a quiet old town, with beautiful scenery all around it. There are no mountains, but it lies between two high hills, in a little valley. Washington used to live here, and his house is only a square from ours. Mary Washington's monument is quite near, and we often go there. I have often climbed the heights where the battle of Fredericksburg was fought. It overlooks the quiet little town,

peacefully slumbering, and it is hard to realize that once the shells and balls were flying across it from hill to hill. I have lived most of my life here, and I think it the nicest place in the world. I fear I have tired you with my long letter. So now, good-bye, dear old St. NICHOLAS. I look forward already to your next coming. I remain, your devoted reader,

CARRIE B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother who is nearly seventeen years old. He had the first number of St. NICHOLAS, and we have taken it most of the time ever since. I have a year's subscription for my birthday. I am always glad when the time comes for you.

Your reader,

SARAH B. H.

NORTH LEOMINSTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and take your magazine. I am deeply interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "George Washington," and hope they will be continued for a long time. I have a number of pets; among them are nine cats, which I like better than all the others. One is very large; he weighs eleven and a half pounds. He stays in the house 'most all the time. His name is Toddlekins, and he goes to bed with my brother every night. We live on a farm, and keep five horses. In summer we go to ride almost every day. I have a pair of wooden horses, which I will describe to you, as it may interest some of your little readers. You take a keg and bore four holes in the side of it, and then take short round handles and put four of them into the holes. Then take two shingles and drive them into one end of the keg (for a neck); then take another shingle and cut to the shape of a horse's head, and put it between the two shingles that have been driven on to the top of the keg; then put a feather duster in the other end, and you have a horse complete; when done, they are comical-looking enough. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box. I hope you will print my letter, as I have not written one before.

Your interested reader, M. C. B.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

BY G. MACLOSKEE.

A help for memorising United States History.

FATHER WASHINGTON left us united and free,
And John Adams repelled French aggression at sea;
Boundless Louisiana was Jefferson's crown,
And when Madison's war-ships won lasting renown,
And the steam-boat was launched, then Monroe gave the world
His new doctrine; and Quincy his banner unfurled
For protection. Then Jackson, with railways and spoils,
Left Van Buren huge bankruptcies, panics, and broils.
Losing Harrison, Tyler by telegraph spoke;
And the Mexican war brought accessions to Polk.
Taylor lived not to wear the reward of ambition,
And Fillmore's sad slave-law stirred up abolition;
So, compromise failing, Pierce witnessed the throes
Of the trouble in Kansas. Secession arose
Through the halting Buchanan. But Lincoln was sent
To extinguish rebellion. Then some years were spent
Reconstructing by Johnson. Grant lessened our debt;
Hayes resumed specie-payments; and Garfield was set
On Reform, which, as Arthur soon found, came to stay.
Now for President Cleveland good citizens pray.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to your charming magazine for over three years, and have never yet read a letter dated Greenville, S. C., so thought I would write to you from that place. Greenville is a city in the upper part of South Carolina. It is divided into two parts by a small river which runs through it, and on which are several cotton-mills. It is about thirty miles from Caesar's Head, a mountain said to bear a striking resemblance to a profile view of the human face. It used to be a stopping-point for travelers on their way to Greenville. During the very severe weather last winter, we thought that our town, instead of being called Greenville, should be named after some snowy berg of Greenland.

It seems to be the custom of your correspondents to give their ages and a minute description of their occupation, so I will follow. I am fourteen years old, and have never been to school a day in my life, my mother having always taught me at home until this year, when I have a tutor for Algebra and Latin. I continue the study of French with my mother, using Fasquelle's Grammar and reading a pretty story called "Le Petit Robinson de Paris," besides having lessons in English composition, geography, history, declamation, music, and drawing.

I am a lineal descendant, being a great-great-granddaughter, of "The Martyr of the Revolution," as he is sometimes called, Colonel Isaac Hayne, who was hanged by the British, and of whose execution at Charlestown a very interesting account is given by Ramsay, in his "History of South Carolina." My grandmother had a lock of Colonel Hayne's hair. It was a beautiful chestnut color, and had a slight wave through it. I am also a cousin of the poet, Paul Hayne.

I like all the stories in St. NICHOLAS, but my favorite is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who seems to be a second Paul Dombey, with his quaint, old-fashioned sayings. I hope he will not die shut up in the gloomy castle, with his cross old grandfather, away from the companionship of "Dearest."

With best wishes for the welfare of your delightful magazine, I remain,

Your devoted reader, MARGUERITE H.

THE TWO TOADS.

TWO TOADS went out to take a walk,
And being old friends they had a long talk.

Said one to the other, "A leaf I see.
Will you be so kind as to bring it to me?"

"Of course!" said the other. "Let's build us a house,
And have for a pony a little gray mouse."

"Yes," said the other, "and a carriage too,
Of a nice red tulip, which I'll bring to you."

They built them the carriage and harnessed the mouse,
And drove to the mill-pond to build them a house.

They built them a house very near to the mill,
And if they're not dead, they are living there still.

MABEL WILDER (9 years old).

We print this little letter just as it came to us.

ESCANABA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much, since we have been taking you we got some giny pigs they are quite cute.

GENIE A. LONGLEY (aged eight).

A young friend sends us this drawing, which he calls:

A FOURTH OF JULY TRAGEDY.



SOUTH FRONT ST., HARRISBURG, PA.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps the following description of a sort of kaleidoscope would be of service to your magazine, for the entertainment of your young readers, on a rainy evening:

Have the room brilliantly lighted, then raise the lid of a square

piano just as if for a player, but, instead of resting it on the surface of the piano itself, let it rest upon two or three large books placed on the top of the piano, so as to form at the front, where the hinges are, an angle of sixty degrees. Cover the open side of the triangle thus formed with a thick cover, which should extend also over the crack caused by the hinges of the lid. Thus you will have a hollow, triangular prism, the length of the piano, open at both ends. Polish well with a silk duster the inside of one end of this triangular prism; hold pieces of crazy patchwork, or long pieces of silk ribbon,—the more variegated and brilliant the colors the better,—in a large hanging bunch, and shake gently about two inches in front of the polished end toward the angle of the front, while the spectator looks through the opposite end of the kaleidoscope. A watch, chain, or looking-glass among the ribbons makes a pleasing variety.

Yours very respectfully,

MARY J. KNOX.

P. S. The lid on the top of an upright piano may also form a kaleidoscope in the same way, but smaller.

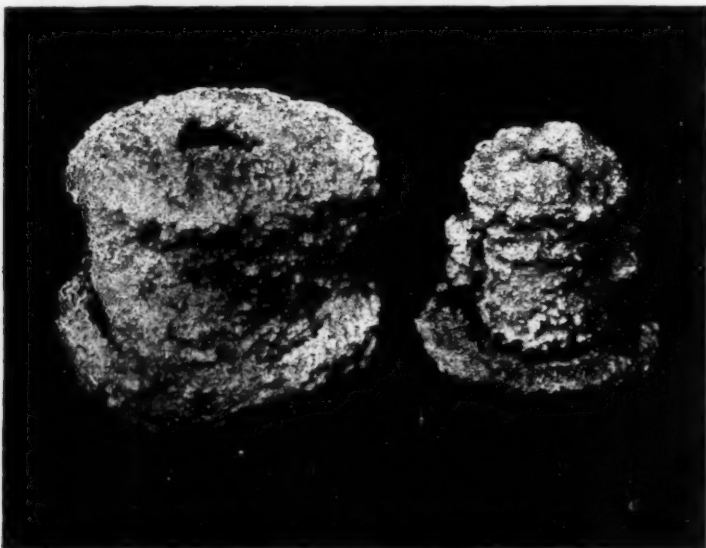
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of the many little folk who have listened to readings from your pages all my life. I am too small to write you a letter all myself, so Mamma will write it, for I wish to tell you about our salt crystals. You remember you told us how to make them, in your number for July, 1884. Mamma and I each started one, and every one thinks they are great curiosities. Papa photographed them so that you could see them also. The large one belongs to Mamma, and the small one is mine; they are about five months old. We have ceased adding salt and water, and have them under a glass shade, one resting on the other, and they make a very pretty ornament. Every time we stop to admire them we smack our lips and think how well-seasoned the ST. NICHOLAS always is.

We receive our ST. NICHOLAS on the 25th of each month, and, dear Editor, you may always know that on that night there is a little hand resting under a pillow, holding tightly your enjoyable book waiting for the morn to dawn.

Lovingly yours,

HAROLD H. T.



THE SALT TUMBLERS.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: J. G. F., Bettie M. K., Gussie and Nannie M., Edith Norris, Harold K. Palmer, J. E. P., Eleanor D. Olney, Daisy B. Holladay, Nan E. Parrott, Elizabeth P., May E. Waldo, Alma and Estelle, Irene B. D., H. Olina Herring, Carrie L. Walker, Hattie Homer, Florence Halsted, Fay and Fan, Clara E. Longworth, May M. Boyd, Annie G. Barnard, Katie E. G., Alice Butterfield, Mabel P., E. C., James H. Saycock, E. Converse, Abe M. B., P. C. Brittain, L. H. E., May M. Boyd, Marie Clark, Morris Miner, Jo and Flo Overstreet, Roy C. Chambers, May Barton, Bessie Heath, Lawrence E. Horton, Charles R. Van Horn, Albertie G. Russell, S. M. K., Henry H. Townshend, Edith S. C., Blanche Sloat, Sadie Nichols, Jesse L. Pusey, Bessie Lenhart, John N. Force, Madge C. DeW., E. A. Burnham, "Sammy," A. G. K., Fannie B. S., Emily T. H., John R. P., Jr., Tommy Bangs, Florence, Julia McC., Brenda, Harry M. M., Gertie E. Kendall, H. E. H., A. K. E., Anna E. Roelker, M. H. N., "Katie," Etta A. Harper, May S., Tillie Lutz, W. P. Haslett, Charles L., Charlie P. Storrs, Maurice S. S., May, Freddie M., Florence M. Wilcox, Ida R. G., Louis R. E., Bertha, Muriel C. Gere, Ralph M. Fletcher, Bertha B., Ella O., C. H. Pease, Alice W. Brown, Clara L., Arthur F. Hudson, Katie, Thomas H. King, Jr., Mary L. Mayo, O. P., Carrie L. Moulthrop, Alice Dickey, M. Eva T., Daisy W., Marie G. Hinkley, Agatha

Montie Duncan, Agnes S. Barker, Samuel S. Watson, Madeline C. Selby, Hattie A. Taber, Cecelia R. G., Belle Sudduth, Johnnie E. Shaw, Inez B. Fletcher, Eva, Ferrars J., C. P., Hermann Thomas, Annie and Margaret, Edmonia Powers, Alice M. B., D. and A., Anna A. H., Lizzie Kellogg, Louis J. Hall, Charles H. Webster, C. L. Wright, Jr., Merrick R. Baldwin, Eleanor Hobson, Lottie A. D., John Moore, Harold Smith, C. W. F., L. Hazeltine, A. C. Crosby, Mabel L., May J., Grace Plummer, Alice Dodge, Bessie K. S., Ella Bisell, Irma St. John, Irene Lasier, F. L. Waldo, Ruth Morse, Maude G. Barnum, Bertha M. Crane, Aggie Drain, Roy Gray Bevan, John W. Wainwright, Edith, Ella L. Bridges, Bessie Rhodes, Floy G., C. A. G., L. O. C., Mary S. Collar, Pearl Reynolds, Evelyn Auerbach, Mabel E. D., Grace Fleming, Eddie Persinger, Charlie B., Lillie Story, Maude B., Mary M. Steele, Doris Hay, Gussie Moley, Ethel W. F., Arthur, Mary Springer, Marion M. Tooker, Mary F. K., Lizzie E. Crowell, Josie W. Penny-packer, Bertie Barse, Nellie B., J. W. L., Maude Cullen, Daisy C. Baker, Esther S. Barnard, Blanche M. C., Aurelia M. Snider, Howard E. T., Bacon, Hildegarde G., Kittie L. Norris, Nellie L. Howes, Leverette Early, Virginia Beall, Henry W. Bellows, Bissell Currie, Violet Quinn, Mamie Sage, Belle C. Hill, Alvah and Arden Rockwood, Lillian Miln, Adele Yates, Lillie S. E., Ollie C., Maggie Wispert.



A COURSE OF OBSERVATIONS ON TREES.

The United States Government, through the Forestry Division of the Agricultural Department, solicits the assistance of volunteer observers belonging to the Agassiz Association. The chief of the Division of Forestry, in consultation with the President of the A. A., is preparing a special "schedule of phenological observations" for the A. A. This is a very simple series of questions, in spite of its long name. One object of this series of observations is to determine the effect of climate upon the growth of plants. Among the facts to be noted are the dates of the appearance of first leaf, first flower, and first fruit. Nothing is required that can not be accurately and easily done by an intelligent boy or girl of twelve years of age. It is earnestly desired by the Department that as many as possible of our members undertake this work, in the interest of science, and for the practical results of the information sought.

All who are willing to try, will kindly send their addresses, at once, to "The Chief of the Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

The complete schedule of observations desired will then be sent to them, and they can begin at once.

THE IOWA CONVENTION.

The following programme has been prepared for our next General Convention to be held at Davenport, Iowa, in August:

WEDNESDAY, August 25:—9 A. M. Reception of the National delegates, and visit to the Academy of Sciences.—2 P. M. Opening of Convention, 1. Prayer. 2. Address of welcome by Senator James Wilson of Iowa. 3. Response by the President of the A. A. 4. Reading of papers.—7 P. M. Reception and banquet, with toasts and responses.

THURSDAY, August 26:—9 A. M. 1. Question Box. 2. Visit to the Government Island.—2 P. M. 1. Working Session. 2. Address by the President of the A. A.—7 P. M. Lecture, by Prof. T. H. McBride, of the Iowa State University.

FRIDAY, August 27:—Steam-boat excursion down the Mississippi.

PROF. CROSBY'S CLASS IN MINERALOGY.

BOSTON, MASS.

The class now includes 122 *bona fide* correspondents. The great majority have very greatly and agreeably surprised me by the excellence of their work. I have been especially delighted by the success of the chemical experiments. I was in doubt at first as to the propriety of introducing these; but I should never hesitate again. The success of the class is so much beyond my expectations that I am fully reconciled to the time and labor it has cost me.

W. O. CROSBY.

HONORABLE MENTION.

MR. PAUL L. SMITH, President of Chapter 653, of La Porte, Ind., goes fifty-nine miles, on the first Saturday of every month, to preside at the meetings of his Chapter. And yet some doubt whether Natural History can awaken the interest of the young!

THE A. A. BY THE SEA.

MISS FLORENCE MAY LYON and two associate teachers of the Detroit High School, members of Chapter 743, are making arrangements to take a bevy of a dozen or twenty young ladies for a summer vacation of six weeks, to the charming town of Annisquam, Mass. They propose to teach them in as "unbookish and delightful a way as possible about sea-side plants and animals." These ladies have had abundant experience, and we wish them the greatest success.

BIRDS' EGGS.

The destruction of the singing birds of America is a growing and a very serious evil. Many ladies wear on their bonnets enough birds to flood a grove with melody—if only the birds were not dead and in pieces.

We may make an appeal on this subject to the girls and women

of the A. A., at a later date, but just now it is a question of robbing birds' nests. This association strictly maintains the scientific ground that when birds' eggs are actually *needed* by a young naturalist, as a means of identification or of practical knowledge, it is justifiable to take them, when the law allows. But the collection of eggs as curiosities, and the wholesale robbery of nests for purposes of sale or exchange, is a wanton destruction wholly unworthy of any earnest student of nature.

In view of the impossibility of discriminating between the two classes of collectors, we shall hereafter decline to publish in ST. NICHOLAS, any requests for the sale, purchase, or exchange of the eggs of singing or game birds.

We shall notice, as formerly, eggs of the penguin, eagle, crow, and ostrich.

DELAYED CHAPTER REPORTS.

60, Pigeon Cove, Mass. We have not lost a member from our books since you first enrolled us, and although at present we are all so occupied by our daily work that we can not hold regular meetings, we all look forward to the time when we shall be able to begin again.—Charles H. Andrews.

150, Flushing, L. I. Our Chapter has not been very active during the past year, but I hope in the near future to build up a lively Chapter. Father and Mother will help me.—Frances M. L. Heaton, Sec.

180, W. Medford, Mass. The Chapter is still in existence, and is holding meetings every week.—Daisy G. Dame, Sec.

257, Plantville, Conn. We have been very successful; meetings full of interest and well attended. Our last paper on "Crystals" was by E. N. Walkley, who illustrated the subject by plaster casts. We have a good male quartet in our Chapter; also gentlemen who play on the violin, flute, piano, and 'cello, so we can have a good time if we want it, at any meeting.

We have just papered, painted, and whitewashed our room, and intend to give an entertainment to procure funds to buy a new carpet (*Bravo!*)—Albert L. Ely, Pres.

287, Ottawa, Ill. Our members are scattered, some in college, most of the others going soon; but we do not wish to be counted out of that society from which we have received so much pleasure and profit.—Edgar Eldredge, Sec.

331, New Orleans, La. This Chapter has passed through severe trials, being sustained at one time by only two earnest members, but it is now triumphantly successful. It is unique in that it has for its president a gentleman, Mr. P. M. Hoyt, who lives in Santa Barbara, California, more than fifteen hundred miles away from the Chapter. He sends plans of work, rules of order, by-laws, etc., and really governs the Chapter, with which he first became acquainted through a letter asking about exchanges. The Chapter has over 600 specimens.—Percy S. Benedict, Sec.

350, Los Angeles, Cal. The children never tire of going to the beach, and a trip to the mountains is another favorite excursion. Our cabinets grow, and I sometimes fear we shall get crowded out of the house by the "trash" that is accumulating!—Mrs. M. F. Bradshaw, Sec.

366, Webster Groves, Mo. We have thirteen workers, all active. We have a collection of 510 specimens, mostly minerals and fossils of our own State; a library of 123 volumes; a microscope; and a chemical laboratory. We intend to hold an encampment this summer. How do you think it would work to have a "Midsummer Night's Dream," on some summer evening?—we might have the telescope-man come out from the city, do some star-gazing, and have an open-air magic lantern entertainment? (*It would work "to a charm!"*)—Edwin R. Allan, Sec.

400, Fargo, Dakota. We gave an oyster supper a few weeks ago, and cleared \$15. Our rooms are in the Masonic Block, and the Masons kindly let us use their dishes for the occasion. We have one of the finest rooms for this class of work in the Northwest. Our members are taking hold in earnest, and it will be a success. We have a fine teacher in Judge Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell will be glad to aid any of the western Chapters, if they wish. I think for my part there could be more chapters formed in Dakota, if the boys

and girls would volunteer work earnestly. How many of the Dakota Chapters would like to organize the Dakota Assembly of the A. A.? Those in favor will please correspond with me.—Frank Brown, Sec.

THE FIFTH CENTURY.

403, *Newark, N. J.* We have begun to study the mounting of plants and leaves. We are going to admit some lady friends to our Chapter, which we think will be a great benefit to us.—Chas. Barrows, Sec. Wm. Earle, Pres.

404, *Baraboo, Wis.* We are still working, and our collection is steadily growing. One of our boys caught a common painted turtle. I put it into a tub with another of the same kind. They soon became so tame that they took food from my hand quite readily. One day I fed them as usual, but before they finished their meal I emptied the water from the tub, when one of them that had a worm in its mouth began to choke and could not swallow. I gave the other one, too, but he only took the end of it in his mouth. But as soon as I put water enough in for them to cover their heads, they swallowed as easily as ever. I tried this several times with the same result. We gave an entertainment and cleared \$25.—Marie McKennan, Sec.

409, *Sag Harbor, N. Y.* This year has been marked by greater progress than any other since our organization. In April, 1885, a valuable addition was made to our cabinet by the finding of a shrew—*genus torres*. This little animal, the least of the mammals, measured not quite two inches in length, excluding the tail. During May and June we organized for summer work, on a new plan,—the president appointing committees to collect in special departments. In July and August we spent numerous "field-days" in the woods and on the shore. We found a rare specimen of trap-rock. The skeleton of a bottle-fish excited a great deal of curiosity. One of our members who had caught a live one identified it.

In November, we commenced a series of discussions: "Which is of more value to mankind—cotton or wool?" (Decided in favor of wool.) "What is the most useful mammal?" (Four members voted for cow and four for sheep.) "What insect is most valuable in promoting human happiness?" (Decided for honey-bee.) "What is the most valuable fish?" (Cod.) Many other questions were debated. We have received many curious specimens: sea-horse, porcupine-fish, key-hole shells, etc. We intend to collect sea-weed and mosses this summer.—Cornelia R. Sleight, Sec.

423, *Fourth Amherst, N. J.* Our thirty members have manifested great interest in collecting and examining specimens from the different divisions of the animal kingdom. Much attention has been given to articulates, including insects of the sea. At present we are engaged in a very interesting course of observation in mineralogy. We have the highest appreciation of the assistance we have derived from the A. A., in learning to observe and love nature.—Bertha M. Mitchell, Cor. Sec.

424, *Decorah, Iowa.* Several of our lady members are teachers, and highly value our meetings. We shall try to have public lectures in geology. We are connecting with these subjects that of humane work, proposing to organize as the Agassiz Band of Mercy. So we have two harmonious lines of good work begun, and hope to make both of them permanent.—M. R. Steele, Sec.

428, *St. Paul, Minn.* Since our organization we have had seventy-eight meetings, all at our house. As one of our number is studying for the occupation of mining engineer, and has a forge, furnace, lathe, etc., we have decided to study iron, steel, and the methods of mining and manufacturing them. We have a club-room, where we keep our cabinets, and a small library.—Philip C. Allen, Sec.

436, *Toronto, Canada.* Our president and several of our members have moved from town, so we have done comparatively nothing since I wrote you. But Charles Ashdown and I are endeavoring to get some new members, and I believe we shall have a stronger and better Chapter than ever.—David J. Howell, Sec.

439, *Wilmington, Del.* We have collected more cocoons and chrysalids this winter than ever before. Many of them are very rare, among them, *Achemon*, *P. satellitia*, *Smerinthus gemmatas*, *E. imperialis*, and *Callosama anguliter*.—Percy C. Pyle.

440, *Keene, N. H.* We have several hundred specimens, mostly *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*. Have found a great many fine beetles lately under the bark of dead trees and stumps where they pass the winter. We always note the place of capture of all specimens, and all other items of interest.—Frank H. Foster, Sec.

448, *Washington, D. C.* We bring to our third anniversary, a gratifying sense of well-being and desert, with promise of continued vigor. Our portfolios hold 343 reports, and every member is there represented. Our fifty books and pamphlets are read with application. We are ambitious for a children's Chapter, and long to make discoveries. Perhaps some of us may some day, and with this thrilling thought we are planning careful summer walks, with thoughtful "observation books."—Sabelle Macfarland.

450, *Fitchburg, Mass.* As we have consolidated all our Fitchburg Chapters into one, now known as No. 48, Fitchburg, A, there is no special report from 450, but I think we now have an earnest society on a solid foundation.—Geo. F. Whittemore.

453, *Oranget, N. Y.* Active. Will soon hold meetings weekly instead of fortnightly. Special study for the year has been archaeology and geology. Have been much interested in the *archaeopteryx*. On archaeology, will send you a more lengthy report.—Will A. Burr, Sec.

[The promised report came in due time, and it is a masterpiece of patient work,—carefully illustrated with drawings of Indian arrow-heads, axes, pottery, needles, fish-hooks, pipes, and anvils. It covers twelve pages closely written. We value it, and have placed it carefully on file.]

460, *Washington, D. C.* This Chapter was organized in the spring of 1882 from a small association we then had; it had already existed for two years or more when we heard of the A. A. We concluded this would give us a wider scope for scientific investigations, and so made formal application for admission into the Association, which had already advanced with marvelous rapidity.

Vernon M. Dorsey, an unusually promising mineralogist and chemist, was elected president. When a new member was elected it cost him nothing, so he was elected with the full consent of all the members, not one objecting. Passive members were allowed in this Chapter, they paying ten cents a month, which money went into the treasury.

We adopted most of the rules and regulations in the Hand-book, and, after having arranged the executive portion of the Chapter, we commenced to have a regular course of essays or lectures, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, given by the active members, which lectures the passive members could attend if so inclined. After the lectures we generally had debates, and as each member had a different branch of Natural History to which he devoted his attention, the lectures and debates were not monotonous.

We ran on pretty smoothly for about a year and a half, until the money in the treasury commenced to accumulate, when, with the exception of one or two members, the Chapter spontaneously combusted.

We have never been able to rebuild it. We can hold no meetings. It exists, really, only in name, because the prospects for the future look rather dull.

If you will allow our Chapter to remain on the list, I should much prefer you would do so.

I have carried on investigations in various branches of zoölogy, but, as this is merely a report of the Chapter, I will not enter into details concerning them.

I hope that the other Chapters will meet with better success than ours, though it may yet revive.

Yours respectfully, F. A. Reynolds, Cor. Sec.

[We are sorry that this excellent Chapter experienced "spontaneous combustion," but we hope and believe that it will ere long also experience voluntary resurrection.]

465, *Waterville, Maine.* Our president has moved away. The rest of us have been exceedingly busy. We have been obliged to vacate our room, and, as we could not get another, have had to store our specimens. But we are not dead yet! Far from it! It is only a case of suspended animation. We fully expect to take up work again this summer.—Charles W. Spencer, Sec.

[Not even "suspended animation;" the Chapter is only catching its breath for more vigorous exertion.]

470, *Norfolk, Wis.* Still prospering. We have a small room nicely fitted up, in our High School building, of which we are quite proud. We have a working membership of twenty-four, and hold regular meetings.

[A friend of the Chapter adds to this report of Miss Sara Ritchie, the secretary, the following:]

"I was exceedingly interested in listening to the different members reporting formally the occurrence of our spring birds, with which was associated the arrival of certain insects. Two years ago, such reports were impossible, as the observing faculties of very few of the members had been sufficiently trained. If nothing more has been acquired, this one habit of close observation, developed by our A. A. work, is worth all it may have cost those who have encouraged and carried out the plan of the Association."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Chapter 850 is now simply Chapter 850 A. A., Box 1587, Bangor, Maine.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence with other family Chapters whose members are beginners in botany or entomology.—Mrs. R. Van Dien, Jr., Box 13, Hohokus, Bergen Co., N. J.

Correspondence desired. Entomology and botany.—Paul L. Smith, 3348 Indiana Av., Chicago, Ill.

Postmarks and fossils (*Lingulipia pinnaformis*) for books on zoölogy. Write first.—Chas. F. Baker, St. Croix Falls, Wis. *Cecropia* moths for other *lepidoptera*.—W. B. Greenleaf, Box 311, Normal Park, Ill.

Correspondence with other Chapters earnestly desired.—Stephen R. Wood, Sec. 776, Oakland, Cal. Florida (east coast) shells, star-fishes, corals, small live alligators, etc., for anything rare or curious.—J. Earle Bacon, Ormond, Volusia Co., Fla.

Coquina, trap-rock, asphaltum, Skates' egg-case, key-hole shell, and cocoons.—C. R. Sleight, Sec. Ch. 409, Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y. All kinds of Chinese curiosities for fine Indian relics.—Kurt Kleinschmidt, Box 752, Helena, Montana.

NEW AND REORGANIZED CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
957	Galveston, Texas (B)	9.	Emma E. Walden, Cor. 34th and N. 1/2 streets.
958	Greenup, Ky. (A)	30.	Mrs. Geo. Gibbs, Box 104.
959	Hartwick Sem., N. Y. (A)	5.	Alfred A. Hiller.
960	Geneva, N. Y. (C)	6.	F. H. Bachman, Box 559.
961	Hartford, Conn. (G)	12.	Austin H. Pease, 4 Canton street.
962	Kansas City, Mo. (B)	5.	R. F. Breeze, 611 E. 17th St.
963	Geddes, N. Y. (A)	4.	G. E. Avery, Box 76.
964	Manchester, Iowa (A)	20.	Fred Blair.
965	Three Rivers, Mich. (A)	7.	G. W. Daniels.
966	Randolph, Ill. (A)	24.	Miss Grace Stewart.
863	Hinsdale, Ill. (B)	9.	N. H. Webster.
60	Rockport, Mass. (A)	12.	Chas. H. Andrews.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
145	Indianapolis, Ind. (A)	8.	G. L. Payne, care of T. B. Linn.
352	Amherst, Mass.	4.	Miss Edith S. Field.
DISBANDED.			
349	Linden, N. J.	E. H.	Schram.
494	Northfield, Vt.	T. M.	Hitt.
535	Chapel Hill, N. J.	Miss Clara J.	Martin.
371	Granville, O.	Miss Ida M.	Sanders.
83	St. Louis (A)	Maud M.	Love.
190	Duncannon, Pa.	Miss Annie I.	Jackson.

Address all communications for this Department to
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Canada. 2. Arena. 3. Neat. 4. Ad. 5. Da(w). 6. A.

RHOMBIC. ACROSS: 1. Sloop. 2. Organ. 3. Ergot. 4. Eerie. 5. Sandy.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Blossom.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. 1. I. P. 2. Fur. 3. Fares. 4. Puritan. 5. Retip. 6. Sap. 7. N. H. 1. N. 2. Pen. 3. Fagin. 4. Negroes. 5. Niobe. 6. Nec. 7. S. III. 1. N. 2. Pen. 3. Pundit. 4. Nemesis. 5. Nasal. 6. Nil. 7. S. IV. 1. N. 2. Ben. 3. Baton. 4. Nettles. 5. Nolle. 6. Nec. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Let. 3. Livid. 4. Several. 5. Tired. 6. Dad. 7. L.

"DIAMOND" PUZZLE. ACROSS: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Bream. 4. Car. 5. R. Downward: 1. B. 2. Arc. 3. Spear. 4. Ear. 5. M.

BURIED CITIES. 1. Berne. 2. Basle. 3. Bergen. 4. Quito. 5. Herat. 6. Mandalay. 7. Venice. 8. Bremen.

A BERRY PUZZLE. 1. Dogberry. 2. Checkerberry. 3. Strawberry. 4. Shadberry. 5. Barberry. 6. Raspberry. 7. Partridgeberry. 8. Snowberry. 9. Thimbleberry. 10. Gooseberry. 11. Elderberry. 12. Bayberry.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Lea. 3. Larva. 4. Serpent. 5. Avert. 6. Ant. 7. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. Primals, Thomas; finals, Arnold. Cross-words: 1. Thalia. 2. HorroR. 3. OberoN. 4. MikadO. 5. Astral. 6. Sinbad.

PI. In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Sleeps all the brain in rest, and heeds the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares.
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly limes some last year robin's nest.

BEHEADINGS. Trinity. 1. T-ape. 2. R-asp. 3. I-con. 4. N-ail. 5. I-man. 6. I-side. 7. Y-end.

DOUSE DROPS. From 1 to 5, chaffinch; from 3 to 4, goldfinch. Crosswords: 1. Corroding. 2. Childhood. 3. Gradually. 4. Confident. 5. Chafferer. 6. Exhibited. 7. Penitence. 8. Acoustics. 9. Hair-cloth.—CHARADE. Jack-stones.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Ape; ale, all, ail, aim, rim, ran, man. 2. Oars; bars, bard, card, cold, colt, coat, boat. 3. Lead; bead, beat, belt, bolt, bold, gold. 4. Warm; harm, hard, card, cord, cold. 5. One; owe, awe, aye, dye, doe, toe, too, two. 6. Age; aye, dye, die, hie, his, has, gas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Esther Reid, East Melbourne, Australia, 1—R. F. Graham, London, England, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from "B. L. Z. Bub, No. 1,"—Paul Reese—Emma St. C. Whitney—"The McG's"—May and Julia—Ed, Beth, and Charlie—Maggie T. Turill—Arthur and Bertie Knox—N. B. Oakford—M. G. Jackson—"Cricket and Crispy"—Elizabeth, Richard, and Ruth—Pough—etc.—Dorothea E. Kennade—Josie and Lillie—Blanche and Fred—"B. L. Z. Bub, No. 2"—"The Spencers"—C. and S. Andrews—"The Stewart Browns"—"May and 70"—Effie K. Talboys—Delia, Lou, Ida, and Lillie—"San Anselmo Valley"—Madge and the Dominic—Edith McDonald—Maud E. Palmer—Mary Ludlow—Mamma and Jokie—"Clifford and Coco"—Francesco and Co.—Mamma and the Girls—Shumway Hen and Chickens—"Theo. Ther"—Alice—M. E. d'A.—Blithedale—"Betsy Trotwood"—Belle and Bertha Murdoch—Judith—Randolph and Robert—"Miss M. and the Gals"—W. R. M.—Nellie and Reggie—Fannie and Louise Locken—Bertha H.—"R. U. Pert"—Francis W. Islip—X. and Y.—Alice and Lizzie Pendleton—Frying-pan—Hallie Couch—S. and B. Rhodes and de Grassy—Savoire et Sagesse—X. Y. Z. and Ulysses—B. Z. G.—Carrie Seaver and Alice Young—Dash.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Foster and Remer, 2—Clark Holbrook, 3—"Triangle," 4—J. M. Moore, 1—Eleanor B. Ripley, 6—E. M. Benedict, 1—"Block and Chip," 9—H. E. Hanbold, 2—A. G. Tomay, 2—E. O. Brownell, 2—Geo. S. Seymour and Co., 9—N. Beall, 2—Philip and Mamma, 4—N. L. Peacock, 1—"Yum Yum," 2—E. Parks, 1—F. A. and H. C. Hart, 2—Alice and R. G., 1—Maud S., 1—"Egg," 1—B. H. M., M., and A. Read, 1—Bub and Bubess, 1—"Infant," 1—Pepper and Maria, 9—A. Ransom and W. Chase, 1—A. H. Sibley, 1—Ned L. Mitchell, 4—Eddie B., 1—"Lone Star," 7—A. F. S., 1—G. E. C. and E. B. F., 5—M. Kershey and S. Sweet, 9—G. E. Campbell, 3—G. F. Cameron, 2—B. Sudduth, 2—Kendrick Bros., 9—R. B. C., 2—E. and K. Mitchell, 3—L. D. Shropshire, 1—"J. McDuffe," 1—"Doane-uts-and Rice," 1—"Phimpy," 2—D. Thomas and Auntie, 2—"Snags," 2—F. Althaus, 4—Daisy Condell, 3—Me and Be, 2—N. E. Miner, 4—Geo. Hawley, 5—A. B. Smith, 2—R. K. Allison, 1—M. Flursheim, 1—Mrs. Emma Sloat, 3—Millie Atkinson, 1—H. Frost, 1—B. C. Ketchum, 1—Billy and Me, 7—S. R. Manning, 1—Mamma and Belp, 1—Rose H. Wedin, 1—Mary and Jennie Butler, 4—No name, Fredericksburgh, 4—"Dixie," 2—M. S. Bird, 1—R. L. Foering, 1—F. Jarman, 3—E. F. and F. E. Bliss, 1—L. and C. Kendrickson, 2—Tessie Gutman, 7—A. D. C., 2—Joe and Billy, 1—L. Wainman, 2—"Yum Yum," 1—N. L. Howes, 2—"B. Rabbit and T. Baby," 4—H. S. Chalmers, 1—"Pen and Ink-bottle," 1—Maginnis, 1—J. R. F. S., 1—Christine and Cousin, 5—I. M. Lebermann, 6—Albert and Gussie, 1—C. J. Tully, 2—Laura W. and Alice M., 2—Grace E. Keech, 6—Agnes Converse, 4—"Head-lights," 1—C. Gallup, 1—C. W. Chadwick, 2—Prof. P. H. Janney, 1—E. E. Hudson, 1—"Dixie and Pixie," 1—"Mr. Pickwick," and "Sam Weller," 8—M. F. Davenport, 1—"89 and Chestnuts," 1—J. A. Keeler, 6—Edith, Grace, and Jessie, 2—Bessie Jackson, 4—H. N. and Nickie Bros., 2—J. M. B. G. S., and A. Louise W., 8—K. L. Reeder, 1—Mamie R., 9—Walter La Bar, 8—H. C. Barnes, 1—Jennie Judge, 3—E. H. Seward, 3—"The Lloyds," 8—A. Wister, 2—Fred T. Pierce, 6—Lucia C. Bradley, 8—"Puzzle Club," 9—Alma and Estelle, 1—Pearl Colby and Nell Betts, 7—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 7—S. B. S. Bissell, 4—Estelle and Edith, 1—F. J. and Flip, 2—"Mohawk Valley," 8—H. Allen, Jr., 1—E. Lloyd, 5—Mamma and Fanny, 9—Mrs. E. and Grace E., 5—L. Delano and M. Wilson, 8—I. and E. Swanwick, 4—Herbert Wolfe, 9—Lulu May, 7—No name, 7—"Koko and Pitti-sing," 1—Sallie Viles, 9—Tessie and Henri, 3—Murray and Percy, 9—S. L. Meeks, 6—Marjorie Daw, 1—C. and H. Condit, 8—"Peggotty," 7—Katie, 1—Edith Young, 3—Two Cousins, 9—Eva Hamilton, 9—Chip and Block, 2.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-three letters, and am a famous toast given at Norfolk by a distinguished naval officer who was killed in a duel in 1820.

My 89-41-8-49 is a preposition. My 22-73-33 is belonging to us. My 53-15-46-63-29-85 is a specter. My 57-70-1-10 is a float. My 55-59-3 is a term used in addressing a gentleman. My 13-76-48-19 is stockings. My 68-83-26 is to fasten. My 75-5-81 is bashful. My 62-91-6-80 is a division of time. My 69-23-44-55 is restless. My 27-35-37-18-50-90 is the name of a season. My 67-63-92-88-47 is the Christian name of a famous American poet. My 31-28-20-58 is a conflagration. My 30-72-82-24-22-64 is intense dread. My 4-51-17-12-42-60 is a military engine. My 9-24-93-16-45-14-78-86 is a body of men commanded by a colonel. My 40-2-74-38-21-87-54-71-56 are renegades. My 36-39-61-79-52-11-7-66 84-77-43 is a machine-gun that can fire two hundred shots a minute.

CUBE.

	1	.	.	.	2

3	.	.	.	4	.
.
.	.	5	.	.	6
.
7	8

From 1 to 2, a parent; from 2 to 6, tranquillity; from 5 to 6, a useful instrument; from 1 to 5, a feminine name; from 3 to 4, consuming; from 4 to 8, voracious; from 7 to 8, actively; from 3 to 7, the flag which distinguishes a company of soldiers; from 1 to 3, a very small fragment; from 2 to 4, resounded; from 6 to 8, not difficult; from 5 to 7, part of the day.

DAVID H. D.

CHARADE.

My *first* is that happy position

The holders of stock love to see;
'T is the point above which the aspiring
Are evermore hoping to be.

My *second* made haste for the doctor;
His mother was ailing, he heard;
And that mother ever had taught him
To revere and be kind to my *third*.

Then he went to my *whole* and requested
Its master his mother would see,
For he knew that my *first* and my *second*
To his mother most welcome would be.

W. H. A.

ANAGRAMS.

THE letters of each of the following anagrams may be transposed so as to spell the name of a well-known novel.

1. Nod, quiet ox.
2. Will sit over?
3. Visiting near H.
4. Earning my gun.
5. Lord Policy is south.
6. But no nice clams.
7. I hem when I want to.
8. Is it of papa's homely Ted?
9. If we have lifted a cork.
10. We quit Dr., and run.

E. L. G. M.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remain-

ing always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change COW to RAT in three moves.
2. Change HARD to SOFT in six moves.
3. Change LEFT to EAST in four moves.
4. Change HIT to LOW in four moves.
5. Change LONG to WEST in five moves.

"D. I. VERSITY."

RHOMBOIDS.

.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.

I. ACROSS: 1. Poison. 2. An ancient philosopher memorable for his friendship with Pythias. 3. Large bundles. 4. A substance obtained from certain trees. 5. A strip of leather.

DOWNWARD: 1. In prove. 2. A nickname. 3. To seize by a sudden grasp. 4. A famous mosque. 5. Certain burrowing animals. 6. A cosy place. 7. A title of respect. 8. A word of denial. 9. In prove.

II. ACROSS: 1. A very wealthy man. 2. A bricklayer. 3. Inhabitants of a certain European country. 4. To send back. 5. A benefactor.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Rhine. 2. A verb. 3. Vicious. 4. A low ridge of stone or gravel. 5. Freed from onerous substance. 6. The name of a captain in one of Jules Verne's stories. 7. Iniquity. 8. A preposition. 9. In Rhine.

NORA L. WINSLOW.

PI.

NILGANG yam eb dais ot eb os kile eth hatemcatsim ath ti nac veern eb fylul ratlen.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a day famous in history.

1. A creeping vine.
2. A common insect.
3. A cover.
4. Nourished.
5. Placed.
6. A boy's nickname.
7. A kitchen utensil.
8. To augment.
9. An extremity.
10. A conjunction.
11. A fabulous bird.
12. Conducted.
13. To delve.
14. A month.
15. A song.

HENRY C. ROBERTS.

HOUR-GLASS.

1	3
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
4	2

ACROSS: 1. Unmarried women. 2. With quick beating or palpitation. 3. A musical term meaning "slowly." 4. A gentle blow. 5. In water. 6. An exclamation. 7. A marked feature. 8. A French coin. 9. More comely.

THE central letters spell articles much worn during the summer. THE letters from 1 to 2 name the delight of invalids during the summer months; from 3 to 4, an instrument used for timing races.

"L. LOS REGNI."

LY.

may
rd,
MP,
FT
HT

ble
ace

a
ni-
al.

In-
A

ow
he
A

ac

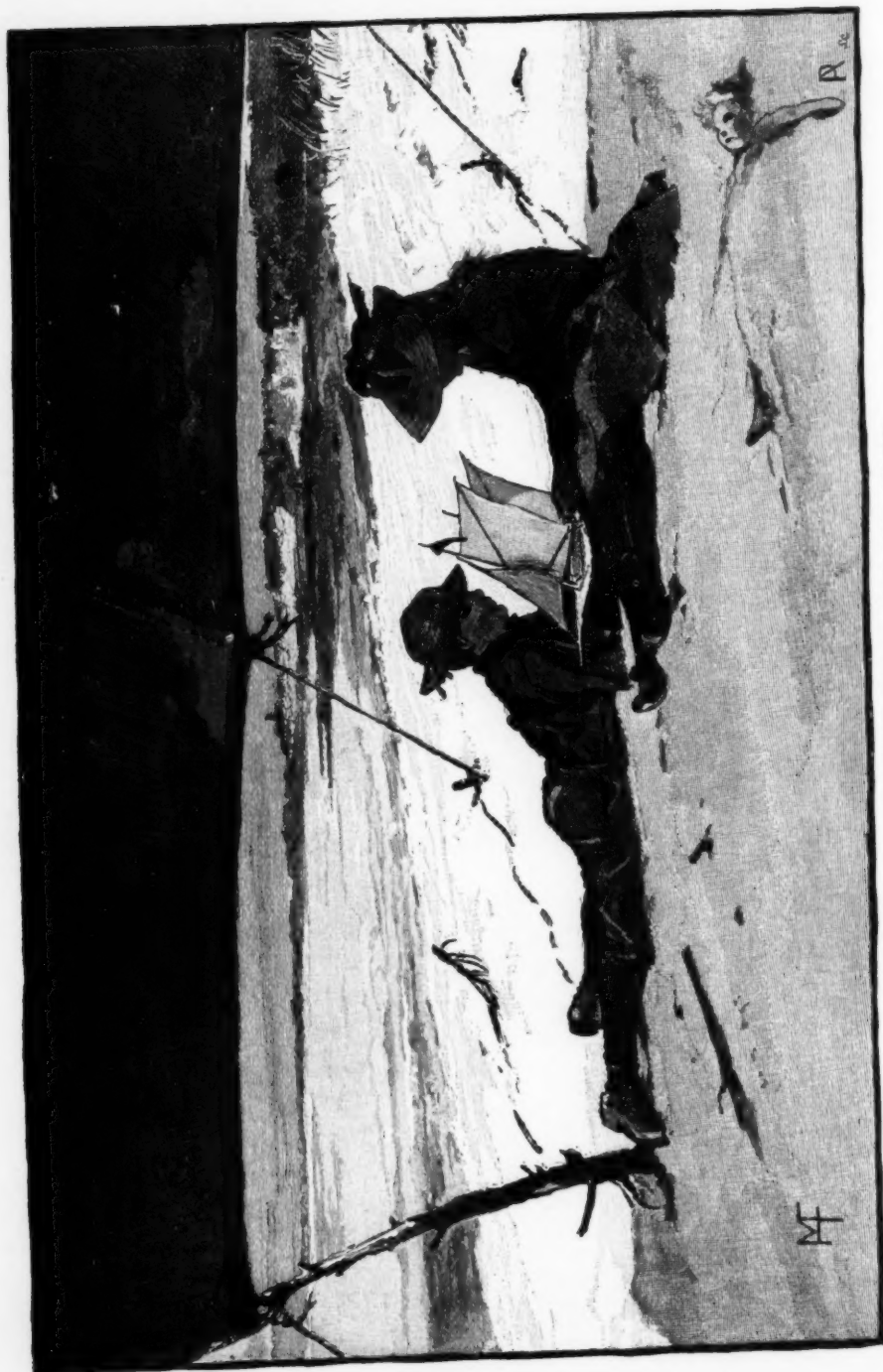
rs,
l a

d.
To
us
g.

pi-
w.
ch

r.
n-





THE CAPTAIN AND THE CAPTAIN'S MATE.

A
dar
low
ran
me
only
swe
cam
tho
wal
high
flow
and
bro
awa
look

B
the
and
a li
me,
clea
sinc
The
was
othe
men
awa
wor
the
as t
deri